

The Listener

and
B.B.C. Television Review

Vol. LXIV. No. 1653.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1960

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Christmas BOOKS

reviewed by

Basil Taylor

P. N. Furbank

Roger Fulford

D. W. Brogan

Sir Mortimer Wheeler

Charles Wilson

William Plomer

Michael Futrell

Burns Singer

Goronwy Rees

George D. Painter

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The Listener

Vol. LXIV. No. 1653

Thursday December 1 1960

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.
AS A NEWSPAPER

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Penalties of Prosperity

By MARYA MANNES

YOU may not know it—you may not feel it—but you, the British, are an affluent society. I know it because I come from one. And although for the last decade I have watched you, like a benevolent cousin, grow richer and sleeker and brighter and newer every year, it is only on this last visit, after two years' absence, that I notice all the familiar signs of the hot pursuit of happiness. I see a wealth of things, and a mass of people who can afford them. I see the streets jammed with magnificent cars and the shops jammed with a magnificent variety. I see buildings going up in every street and suburbs flowering in every county. I see a working class become a middle class. I see young girls in pointed shoes and beehives and Bardots, and I see the theatres packed to overflowing every night.

All this should make me happy for you, and indeed I am. But I cannot escape a comparison between your affluence and our own in the United States, nor the melancholy conclusion that every benefit brings its blight and every improvement entails a new and different poverty. Like us, you are paying for your affluence with more than money; and what concerns me here is the nature of the price.

I am appalled, for one thing, at your traffic. This is just one payment for affluence—hardening of the arteries; and I am sorry to say that no extra highways, by-passes, under-passes, over-passes or garages will cure this disease. Like us, you will be forced by sense and reason to take radical measures, and I hope I live long enough to see, both in London and in New York, all private cars barred from the chief shopping centres, all loading done at night,

and many areas made into pedestrian malls. They are trying this last in some of our smaller cities with great success, for both the merchant and the buyer—and as far as we are concerned it might revive the use of the American leg before it atrophies entirely.

But if affluence brings with it this acute discomfort of traffic, I must admit that you do far better for your people than we do in the matter of public transport. You may think your buses crowded, your ticket-collectors uncouth, and your subways un-beautiful, but compared to ours they are utopian. We have the worst subways, the worst bus-system, and the rudest drivers of any civilized capital in the world—one of the many instances of the paradox of private luxury and public squalor which plague our system.

This private indulgence—this relentless itch for Things—this pursuit of happiness which sounded so good in the constitution but ends up as 'I'm all right, Jack'—brings with it, on both sides of the water, the indifference to others which turns to rudeness. You are, as a people, still more courteous than we are, but I am noticing things in this affluent England that I had not noticed even two years ago. Too many of your shop-girls are not interested in selling, and view the customer as an intrusion; and I have reluctantly left several excellent London stores of old reputation because of this combination of languid indifference and cold appraisal. This is, of course, a by-product of full employment: you do not have to be good at your job to get paid for it. In fact, one of the most serious aspects of general affluence is the absence of pride or pleasure in work itself. Work is merely a means to a pay-cheque, and the manner of its execution is irrelevant. The

ultimate aim is to do no work at all but conserve your energies for the use of leisure—and if you watched a weekend at any middle-class suburb in America you would see what a full-time occupation *this* can be. We knock ourselves out having fun. You will, too.

Another price of affluence, of good living for all, is that a great many people who now have money are not educated in its use. Heaven forbid that an American should plead for a closed society; if anything, too much of that still exists in England, whether in the pages of C. P. Snow or in *The Tatler*. Nothing can match the intellectual arrogance of some of your scientists or critics' circles, or the ignorance of some of your high-born ones; and I not only understand but sympathize with the angry impatience of some of your new playwrights at this kind of exclusivity, or exclusion. Nevertheless, a high standard of living should be matched by a high standard of feeling and thinking, and the gap between material and moral growth is still far too wide for comfort. Until money and responsibility go hand in hand, affluence and licence will.

One real advance that I take pleasure in is the improvement in women's clothes. I remember when the streets were a sea of beige, and now they are bright with difference in colour and texture. Holidays in Italy and France have taught English girls the tricks of allure, and even if they overdo the beehive or Bardot, they are a vast improvement over the dim and artless maidens of a poorer Britain. Yet affluence has so far done little, I am sad to say, for the English housewife over thirty-five, who seems not only quite resigned to being called 'mum', but to look it. I do not know why she abdicates so soon, but I suspect it is because her husband doesn't look at her. He is so used to having 'mum' around that it doesn't matter if she wears a sack or has a 'permanent' like mattress stuffing. I admit that our older women may spend too much time and money trying to look young and fashionable, that they may rely too much on clothes and make-up and too little on what our leaders like to call 'moral and spiritual' values. Yet there is something to be said for pride in appearance at any age and for a desire to please the eyes of others; and it grieves me to see so many women in Britain relinquish both. Here, again, I think it is less a question of time and money—English women are so used to pleading lack of both that it has become more ritual than reality—than the indifference of their men. In affluent America a man expects his wife to reflect his station: she must be a visual asset. For many Englishmen, however, the



'Wait till you see the new, thrilling me!'

prime requisite of a wife would seem to be that she should attract no attention—the plumage must still be his. It strikes me also that your affluence has not yet brought with it an equivalent rise in taste, particularly in home decoration. I have seen houses of wealthy Englishmen in industry not only furnished with expensive ugliness but devoid of a single good painting or print, or, indeed, any object with beauty of line or colour. With us, I am happy to say, good, simple taste has penetrated down from our best shops to Woolworths, and charm of surroundings is within the reach of all. I lay this to the curiosity and imagination of our women, ably abetted by our excellent decoration magazines and by astute buyers in our shops.

One of the poverties of affluence, as you will know, is the absence of servants; and here again I must wave a little banner for my female compatriots. For I still think American women are highly imaginative in their use of modern ways and means; they have no qualms in cooking or serving a dinner for six or eight with no help, after a full day's work in an office. How? By using short cuts, by simplifying service, by forgetting the conventions of earlier days. If the food and drink are good, and the conversation brisk, who cares for the linen or silver, or whether the dinner has one course or three? Here, on the other hand, I find the housewife bound by former standards and making heavy weather of household tasks instead of devising new means. But I have always thought discomfort and inconvenience were, to the English, proof of virtue! Anything easy is tinged with corruption.

Corruption—another constant companion of affluence. Here I give you a considerable edge over us in the realm of integrity. Homogeneity, hardship, and discipline have made you one of the world's most decent and honourable societies. But even you are cracking a bit at the seams, and I notice with much disquietude that the faces at night around Piccadilly or Soho are as corrupt and decadent as the faces on Broadway or Eighth Avenue. There is always crime in big cities, but not until now have I felt the presence of evil and violence and perversion so strongly in the crevices of London. Easy money, easy vice, a profound cynicism, an encompassing nihilism—all these are the dark companions of affluence, and you suffer them also.

You suffer beatniks too. But this I understand—unappetizing as the bearded and tousled young may be. When everybody is shiny and sleek and smooth and successful, the only tangible rebellion is to be a rumpled and incoherent failure. Your beatniks, like ours, are just being conventional in another way, possibly more orthodox than the Establishment itself. Let them be. They are, I think, the least of your worries.

What would concern me much more is the tendency of the respectable young—yours and ours—to marry at eighteen and have five children in six years. I consider this not only the height of indulgence but an act of irresponsibility. The world is far too crowded as it is, and even affluent societies like yours and ours have not begun to cope with the needs of the next generation in terms of education, housing, or, indeed, general direction. If ever there was a time that cried for self-control and population control, it is now. Quite apart from that, I cannot see how young people can develop individually to their fullest capacities if they snuggle into a pattern of domesticity the minute they leave school. And how dull this togetherness is—how deadly dull!

But this is the feather-bed of affluence—a condition in which Things take precedence over Thought, in which personal indulgence is put above general good, in which a fatty layer is grown around conscience, in which change, adventure, and risk are above all feared.

—Home Service



'Go on then, run with the herd'

Illustrations by permission of 'Punch'

Franco-American Attitudes

By DOROTHY PICKLES

THERE is a widespread popular belief in America that George Washington was made a Marshal of France. This is a myth. It is one of the myths that have helped to perpetuate a Franco-American romance—a romance which dates from the American War of Independence and the French Revolution. It seems to me that the historical facts of French aid in the American struggle for independence are far less important today than the rather vague image of the French and American Republics in American minds: an image which sees both systems as having succeeded in abolishing class privilege.

To anyone familiar with the social hierarchies of French society, or who has ever read Mr. Vance Packard's *The Status Seekers*, it will be evident that there is a good deal of romantic fiction in the picture of either Republic as being (in Lincoln's words) 'dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal'. All the same, it would be a mistake to dismiss traditional American sentiments, sentiments of sympathy for, or of affinity with, France as purely sentimental survivals. France continues to have a real and persistent attraction for many Americans, and particularly for intellectuals. But today it is an attraction that has little to do with politics. Indeed, it coexists with hard-headed and hard-hitting American criticisms of French politics and French politicians.

Nevertheless this attraction is, at bottom, romantic: it is part of the wider appeal of Europe, an appeal which was described recently by an American professor as amounting at times to an obsession. 'We of all modern people', he says, 'are dominated by the spectre of known foreign ancestors'. The author, Mr. Daniel Boorstin, sees this obsession—the obsession with the parental image—as a kind of oscillation between ancestor-worship and ancestor-resentment. Americans, he alleges, either continue to feel that they must shape their culture on West European models—'the escape into Europe of Henry James', for instance—or else, on the other hand, they resent the sense of European domination which these attitudes imply, and seek to discover and to assert an American uniqueness which owes nothing to Europe.

This theory may be fanciful, but it is attractive, if only because it would help to explain a number of things that sometimes puzzle Europeans in America; for instance, their ambivalent attitude towards the English. No politically minded English person in America can fail to be struck by the reality of Anglo-American cousinship in the field of politics—the attachment of both our countries to the principles of common law, our common Protestant individualism, with its influence on family life, on 'do-gooders' and on radical democrats (with a small 'd'); our common interest in institutions and administration, the fact that we are both more at home with Locke than with Rousseau. All

these shared attitudes can be real aids to mutual understanding.

But the unwary Briton who goes on to conclude that (as I read somewhere recently) 'within every American there is an Englishman trying to get out' is liable to have some unpleasant surprises. The perpetual requests to European visitors for their impressions of America are neither perfunctory politeness nor desire for praise. And they are certainly not fear of criticism, for Americans are the most ferocious of self-critics. But they could be indications that within every American there is a *non-European* who is still not always convinced that he *has* got out. And even though he may still be in process of freeing himself from a tendency to judge things by European norms, he will still certainly resent Europeans who judge Americans by them. The passionate defenders of the sociological and scientific bias of modern American political science, for instance, perhaps owe some of the intensity of their attitude to the need they feel to proclaim the validity of specifically American norms.

In this context the special attraction which France has for America becomes comprehensible. It is partly due, I think, to the absence of any Franco-American cousinship. There is often less real understanding between France and America than there is between Britain and America, but there is less suspicion, too. There is the memory not of a former colonial relationship that had to be escaped from, but of a shared fight for independence and republicanism. The pull towards Europe can be indulged in with less fear of European patronage

in the case of France. So there is, at the same time, a romantic Franco-American relationship, based largely on cultural attraction and hazy republican mythology, and an unromantic Franco-American relationship, based on reactions to current attitudes and problems. These problems are often misunderstood on both sides because the two Republics have, in fact, developed along entirely different lines.

It was this unromantic aspect of Franco-American relations that particularly interested me when I went last January to lecture on French politics in an American university. For some years past, French politics have come in for a great deal of criticism from Americans, mainly because French governments have been vacillating and divided, and French parliaments have been incoherent and irresponsible. When I arrived in America, the new French constitution had been in existence for over a year and was providing demonstrable, though certainly uncomfortable, evidence of French purpose and leadership; and the French Presidency could claim to constitute a clearer focus of power than the American Presidency.

But it was not easy to discover any coherent American opinion on either the merits or the demerits of the new political system.



A French eighteenth-century statuette in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City, showing Benjamin Franklin and Louis XVI of France negotiating the Treaty of Alliance of 1778

For one thing, British observers soon learn that it is difficult to generalize accurately about American reactions and that hastily reached British judgments tend to oscillate between prejudice and platitude. For another, the Fifth Republic was still too new, and its future too problematical, for there to be the normal interest in French institutions as such. Political rather than constitutional considerations dominated the stage—as indeed they did in France, and still do.

What I did note, however, again and again, was the extent to which American criticisms of French attitudes, and particularly American misunderstandings, tended to be based on American political assumptions which were often inapplicable to France. What stood out, in fact, were not the resemblances between French and American republicanism, but the differences.

Essential Keys to Understanding

Some of these differences seem to me to provide essential keys to Franco-American understanding, and perhaps even reasons for misunderstanding. One is the difference between the two revolutions. The American Revolution united Americans and they remained united in their Republic. The flamboyant staging of the four-yearly Presidential battle only underlines the fact that the two great parties are far more in agreement than either finds it convenient to admit. After all, the American Revolution was a foreign war, and foreign wars unite. The French Revolution, on the other hand, was a civil war: it began by dividing France and it still does. As Sir Winston Churchill once said, grass grows over the battlefield, but never over the scaffold.

One result of this difference is that twentieth-century America, a country that prides itself on its go-ahead modernism, still has an anachronistic eighteenth-century Constitution—a kind of surrey with a fringe on top, which could never have been driven into the twentieth century at all if there had not been a good deal of tinkering with the chassis. In America, an essentially unwieldy and unworkable instrument has been made to work by the conscious efforts of statesmen who were agreed that it *must* be made to work. In contrast, French revolutionaries and republicans of the eighteenth century, who began by being convinced that they were legislating for men of all times and in all places, discovered, as did their descendants, that French statesmen could not agree sufficiently to make any Constitution acceptable, even to their own nation, for any reasonable length of time. The result is that twentieth-century France has now—and for the second time within twelve years—the newest written constitution, at least among the great nations, and a constitution that nobody in France, except for a handful of professional Gaullists, has a good word for.

In 1958, Professor Duverger could say with truth of France that 'every Constitution is a political weapon used by a victorious party to consolidate its victory'. He could have added that the victory never has been consolidated and is not likely to be in the near future. Twentieth-century America, on the other hand, has not merely the oldest written constitution—one that has survived for nearly two hundred years—but one that has become the subject of nation-wide veneration.

A Presence—and an Absence

This difference between French and American attitudes to their own constitution—the presence in America and the absence in France of what it is fashionable today to call a consensus—has had far-reaching repercussions on the approach of each country to its own political problems, and it has certainly profoundly influenced American attitudes to French problems. There has been, for instance, a widening gulf between French and American attitudes towards the State. In France external insecurity, together with political divisions, has been responsible for the development of a highly centralized State, but one in which no agreement has ever been reached on what the role of the State ought to be. The constant oscillation of institutions, as republicans and anti-republicans fought their battles over and over again, led to an ossification of political opinion—for and against the republican State and the principles of 1789—and it led, too, to a movement of the general public away from politics. The French found their focus of national unity outside politics altogether, in a compact society with a high degree of economic and social stability and a strong sense of cultural unity.

The American Republic developed along exactly contrary lines. In the American Federation, authority was necessarily diffused, and the rapid extension of the frontier made the size and diversity of the country an effective bar to centralization. It was natural for American attention to be deflected away from the State, and it was politically possible for this to happen, because Americans were agreed on their constitutional framework. With the passage of time, it was the Constitution itself that came to provide the focus of unity that was lacking in American society, a society which was neither compact, nor economically and socially stable, nor culturally united.

In other words, in both countries the sense of national unity has been focused on the elements that make for stability and these elements have tended to become ossified. The American constitution has become, as Professor Brogan puts it, 'a combination of Magna Carta and the Battle of Britain', and has been prevented only with difficulty—and even then not entirely—from being a brake on progress. In France, an economically stable society had, until recently, become economically stagnant.

At least two major Franco-American misunderstandings seem to me to be directly related to this difference of evolution of the two Republics. The first is the American tendency to underestimate the havoc that can be created by profound and long-standing political divergencies. It is understandable that a country which has achieved miracles in the way of racial, political and cultural assimilation should feel that mountains are there to be moved. The survival of French anti-clericalism, the traditional battles between Right and Left, the intransigence and incompatibility of French attitudes on Algeria, the divisions in Europe between the Six and the Seven—all these can look like small molehills from a distance of 3,000 miles and the vantage point of half a century of spectacular American change. And American mountain moving is not restricted to the political sphere. I was amused to note that the light-hearted way in which New York skyscrapers are perpetually being torn down and replaced by even more impressive ones struck French observers exactly as it did me. We both come from old and cautious countries and we find it hard to scrap old houses as well as old ideas.

Two Views on Progress

The second misunderstanding is related to the concept of progress, which is an essential element of both French and American republicanism. In America, progress has been thought of predominantly in economic terms, for one thing because the political structure could be taken for granted, but also because there was general agreement on economic policies. As a British observer put it—speaking of American opinion at the turn of the century: 'Worker, farmer and proper Bostonian were all democratic capitalists, American economic liberalism was so universal that it could be taken for granted'.

That is still generally true today. In France, however, there was no more agreement on economic than on political issues. But it was always the political issues which dominated French thinking—partly because economic policies were seen as serving political ends, but partly because, in the minds of French voters, economic interests and political ideologies are sometimes kept in watertight compartments. For instance, a great deal of the support for the French Socialist Party—and some for the Communist Party—comes from the small farmer or tradesman who combines political leftism with economically reactionary and even stick-in-the-mud opinions. The left-wing parties recently voted to retain the fiscal privileges of small distillers, though these are generally agreed to be both economically unjustified and socially harmful. Nationalization, too, has always been much more a political than an economic issue in France.

French and American concepts of progress have always had, too, a difference of temper. I believe this is attributable in large part to the strength of Protestant and Puritan traditions in America. Americans set out not merely to provide a model system of government but also to make men good. The aim of the American Republic was, in Tocqueville's phrase, 'the indefinite perfectibility of the human race'. God is working his purpose out—through the idealism of a Wilson or the economic vision of a Marshall. This moral concept of progress has often caused exasperation in

Europe, perhaps because it was regarded as somewhat naïve; perhaps, too, because a country that has never experienced military defeat or a threat to the regime—at least not in this century—is understandably optimistic and confident. It is not surprising that less favoured nations, and particularly France, should feel inferior by comparison.

The American concept of progress, with its ability to ignore ideologies and concentrate attention on economic and social betterment, has encouraged a tendency on the part of American politicians and political scientists to regard French political problems as being primarily economic. In his recently published book, *America the Vincible*, Mr. John Emmett Hughes describes this as one of the American political myths. 'We like to believe', he says, 'that, in the affairs of nations, progress in the economic sphere assures stability in the political sphere'. This is the second major Franco-American misunderstanding. American members of a university seminar on French problems, whose discussions I followed with interest, harped again and again on the likely political repercussions of France's changing economic and social structures, only to be reminded by French members and visitors that French problems really are political.

When M. Raymond Aron recently delivered a lecture to a high-powered American study group on the provisions of the new Constitution, he was faced with a string of questions on this theme. Could not France's problems be solved by industrialization, by the

establishment of real competition, by the creation of 'an economic situation conducive to a consensus' (whatever that may mean), by more adequate satisfaction of the demands of the lower income groups, by more pressure on entrepreneurs, more class mobility, a negotiated settlement between major interest groups—and so on. These are all questions that were actually put to the lecturer.

'The surprising thing', said M. Aron in one of his replies, 'is how difficult it is for the Americans to accept the fact that the loss of an Empire means more to Frenchmen than the standard of living'.

But is it so surprising? Franco-American misunderstanding, on this and on other points, is comprehensible in the context of the different evolution of the two countries and of their different responsibilities in the world. What is difficult is to see how some of the misunderstandings can be overcome and how any fresh danger of American 'agonizing reappraisals' can be avoided. For Franco-American relations seem at the same time closer and more remote than Franco-British relations. The Entente Cordiale was never a romance. It was a *mariage de raison* without illusions on either side. In Franco-American relations the romantic bonds are stronger, the bonds of interest weaker. How far General de Gaulle can succeed in strengthening these bonds if, indeed, he is trying to do so, is a question that, presumably, can be answered only by the new President of the United States.

—Third Programme

The Economics of the Monckton Report

By ARTHUR HAZLEWOOD

COMMENT on the Monckton Report has largely concentrated on political and constitutional matters. Its views on the economics of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland have received little examination, and have been tacitly or openly accepted by critics and supporters of federation alike. This lack of economic comment is hardly surprising, because the Commissioners devote barely six pages of their Report to economic matters, in a chapter headed 'Advantages and Achievements of Federation'. Nevertheless, economics had a far larger part in shaping the views of the Commission than the space devoted to it in the Report itself would suggest.

As everyone knows, the Commission found much to criticize in the Federation. Far too little had been done, they thought, in the way of abolishing racial discrimination to convince anyone—least of all the Africans of the northern territories—that 'partnership' between the races was a reality. Yet they were equally convinced that 'the advantages of federation are great, and ought to be maintained'. Mr. Macmillan was certainly right when he said: 'The remarkable and outstanding feature of the Commission's report is the nearly unanimous acceptance of the need for such a federation'.

It was precisely the 'economic argument' that convinced the majority of the Commissioners of the enormous importance of making the continuation of federation acceptable to the people of the three territories, and particularly to the 96 per cent. who are African. 'The main arguments for federation' (the Majority Report flatly declares) 'are economic'. There are three main arguments. First, in the words of the Report, 'a common market embracing eight million potential customers is much more valuable than three separate markets each embracing less than three million'. The second argument emphasizes the greater credit-worthiness of this unified area. Thirdly, 'the economies of the three countries are complementary'. What is the validity of these three economic arguments for federation?

Consider first the argument about the creation of a common market. The removal of tariff barriers between countries certainly increases the duty-free market open to the industries of each of them. The Report refers to the 'spectacular development' of secondary industry since federation, and remarks that 'it is hard to believe that all this could have come about without the

common market provided by the abolition of internal customs barriers in 1954'.

Is this picture a true one? Would one have guessed, from the way the argument is presented, that before federation there were virtually no restrictions on trade between Southern Rhodesia and the only significant part, economically, of Northern Rhodesia? The only appreciable effect of the removal of customs barriers after federation was to bring Nyasaland into the common market that already existed effectively, if not in name, between the Rhodesias. So federation did not unify 'three separate markets each embracing less than three million'. It added a duty-free market of nearly 3,000,000 to one of nearly 6,000,000. Even this was not the gain one might suppose. It is not population but purchasing power which determines the size of a market. Nyasaland is much poorer than the Rhodesias. It accounts for not much more than one-tenth of the Federation's national product. The effect of its inclusion in the common market was therefore necessarily very limited, and hardly to be counted as a major advantage of federation.

But it is not only the abolition of internal tariffs that has enlarged the market for federal industry. It has also been enlarged, in the words of the Report, 'by the introduction of a Federal customs tariff and the abandonment of a special customs arrangement with South Africa which had previously favoured the latter's products'. What these words mean is that the market for federal industry has been enlarged by increasing the cost of imports into the Federation. The effect of the new Federal tariff in stimulating local industry is a matter I shall come back to later. But it is worth emphasizing here and now that this measure can have enlarged the market for federal industry only by increasing prices and the cost of living in the Federation. It is clearly not an unmixed blessing.

I now want to turn to the argument about the complementarity of the three economies. In fact, the economic interdependence of the three territories is not exceptionally great. It is nothing like so great, for instance, as that between the United Kingdom and the Republic of Ireland. The Report is eager to point out that 'tea from Nyasaland is drunk in Salisbury'. In fact, only a minute proportion is—there are no figures later than 1953 and in that year it was less than 2 per cent. Anyway, tea grown in China is

drunk in London. Is this any argument for federation with the Chinese People's Republic? One really cannot take this argument seriously.

There is one form of interdependence which merits more consideration. A large number of Nyasas find employment in Southern Rhodesia. This has nothing to do with federation. It was an established practice long before 1954. There is a possibility, however, that with the increase in the number of Southern Rhodesian Africans offering themselves for employment, Nyasas would be kept out of Southern Rhodesia if Nyasaland were not in the federation. But federation in no way guarantees that Nyasas will retain free access to the labour market in Southern Rhodesia. The territorial governments have the power to control the movement of people between the territories, and the Monckton Report suggests that they should retain that power. It is not impossible that the Southern Rhodesian Government would use it, and the present campaign against 'vagrancy' is perhaps a pointer in that direction.

The interdependence argument is lumped together in the Report with what is really a different argument about the creation of a more balanced and 'broadly based' economy. The Report says: 'The more advanced agriculture and light industries of Southern Rhodesia are balanced by the heavy extractive industry in Northern Rhodesia and *vice versa*'. This argument has a deceptive similarity to the familiar point about not putting all your eggs in one basket. Actually, there is no similarity whatever. The creation of a federation does not in any way diversify the economies of each of the constituent territories. Nor are the fortunes of particular industries affected by the fact of federation. The copper miners of Northern Rhodesia are no less badly hit by a slump in the price of copper because they come under a Federal Government which also governs tobacco growers in Southern Rhodesia.

There seems to be rather more in the argument when it is applied to government revenues. In a federation any one government is less dependent on the tax revenue derived from its own territory. The impact of a fall in revenue from one source will be spread over all the governments. The losses in total will be no different (this is where the eggs in one basket analogy breaks down): the effect of federation is merely to spread them. A government may, indeed, prefer a stable revenue to a fluctuating one, but this is not a decisive fact in favour of federation. For one thing, it is open to any government to stabilize its own finances, by building up a reserve fund for use when revenues are low—a commonplace of public finance in many countries.

Redistribution of the Public Finances

There is another reason why the advantages of more stable government revenues are not a convincing argument for federation. I have said that the effect of federation is to spread gains and losses of revenue between the governments: in other words, the effect is redistributive. But this is only part of the general redistribution of the public finances brought about by federation, and cannot be considered in isolation. What has happened is that Northern Rhodesia, with its large copper revenues, has heavily subsidized the other territories. Northern Rhodesia's revenues may be more stable under federation but they have also been a great deal smaller. Considering that the Northern Rhodesian Government could stabilize its own finances, the stability achieved under federation has been dearly bought.

The Monckton Report tells us rather little about the effect of federation on the public finances of the territories. This is surprising, because the subsidies obtained by Nyasaland have often been used in arguments to show the benefits of federation. One might have expected the Commission to undertake a thorough investigation of the matter. If they had gone more deeply into it they could hardly have avoided making it clear that Southern Rhodesia has been much more heavily subsidized than Nyasaland. There are important political implications in this fact. Nyasaland has certainly benefited from the fiscal redistribution brought about by federation. But this gain has been derived from the association with Northern Rhodesia. From this point of view the inclusion in the Federation of Southern Rhodesia has been a liability. Nyasaland could have been better off financially if the link had been with Northern Rhodesia alone. And it is the association with

Southern Rhodesia which is particularly repugnant to Nyasaland Africans for political reasons.

So far I have considered two of the Commission's economic arguments for federation. I now come to a third, more substantial argument: the increased creditworthiness of the area as a result of federation. The ability of the government to borrow has probably been most influenced by the redistribution of the public finances that I have described. Without federation, neither Southern Rhodesia nor Nyasaland could have afforded the interest charges on any large-scale borrowing. Northern Rhodesia, on the other hand, could have financed a large amount of investment from her own revenues. Federation made possible a higher level of public borrowing by making Northern Rhodesia's revenues available to pay the interest charges.

Confidence—All Things to All Men

It would be true to say that federation, as such, would have encouraged the inflow of private capital if it had stimulated the general prosperity of the area. However, I have been arguing that the benefits of federation in this respect are to a large extent illusory. It is true, if there is enough confidence in the benefits of federation—and this has now become a part of Central African mythology—the effect on business men could be as potent as if the benefits were real. Certainly, confidence is all things to all men. Confidence in its ability to meet the interest charges will make it easier for the government to borrow. Confidence in an expanding market—whether or not federation has much real effect on the size of the market—will persuade business men to invest. Confidence in the political stability of the area will have the same effect. This confidence might spring from a belief that the country will steer a middle course between *apartheid* and African nationalism; or from a belief that federation puts the affairs of the area as a whole firmly in white hands. No matter whether the belief is grounded in reality or not, its effect on confidence is all that counts, and there is no doubt that it has counted.

But confidence of this sort is a sensitive plant, likely to wilt in an atmosphere of political tension. Whatever it was about the establishment of the Federation that created confidence in the minds of investors, I find it difficult to believe that confidence will be maintained in a country that is held together against the wishes of the great majority of the population. That is why the Monckton Commission rightly sees no future for the Federation unless the Africans of the northern territories can be brought to support it. I have a feeling that the Commission's proposals fall between two stools. If adopted, could they convince the Africans that everything had changed, and at the same time convince the investors that everything had remained the same?

So much for the three economic arguments which the majority of the Commission found so convincing. But there is a theme running through their discussion of the economic effects of federation which may perhaps be given the dignity of an argument for federation. The argument is simply this: there has been a remarkable growth of the economy *since* federation; therefore this growth must be the *result* of federation. The logical fallacy in this argument is obvious and familiar. Nevertheless, it is worth looking at the facts of the federal economy which the Commissioners call in support of their views.

Production and Purchasing Power

They draw special attention to the increase since federation in national product per head of population. They show the figures for 1954 and for 1959. The increase is 30 per cent. It is, by implication, the result of federation. How then is to be explained the fact (to which the Report does not draw attention) that in a shorter period before federation (1949-1953) the national product per head in the federal area increased not by 30 per cent. but by 90 per cent.? And why did the Report itself not draw attention to a fact which is recorded in the official document prepared for the Commission on developments since federation? It is shown in this document that the purchasing power per head of population of the domestic product of the Federation was identical in 1958 with what it was in 1954. Would the Commissioners have felt obliged to conclude that there had been no economic development in the first five years of federation?

The fact is that the Federal economy has experienced great economic growth since federation, but that it was also growing rapidly, and more consistently, before federation. The national product per head actually fell between 1956 and 1957, and remained static in 1958. It resumed its upward trend only last year. These changes reflect the changing fortunes of the copper industry, which still dominates the economic stage. By presenting data for the two years 1954 and 1959 in isolation, the Report befores rather than illuminates the scene.

The Report emphasizes two facts to support its view that the growth of the economy since 1954 has been the result of federation. One is 'the rising percentage' of investment financed from domestic savings. This, the Report claims, 'indicates that increased savings have been successfully channelled into domestic investment through a developing internal capital market'. It does nothing of the kind. To start with, it is not true, as the quotation implies, that the proportion of investment financed from local saving has been steadily increasing. Last year it was 86 per cent.; but it was also 86 per cent. in 1955, and very nearly the same in 1954. On the other hand, in 1957 and 1958 it was only 55 per cent. The reason for these changes (and the reason for the inadequacy of the Commission's argument) is that the profits which the copper companies plough back into their business are counted as domestic savings. When copper prices are low, company profits are low, and the level of domestic savings falls. The proportion of investment financed by domestic savings has been higher since 1954 than in the years before federation mainly because on average the price of copper has been much higher.

The second fact put forward by the Commission to prove that federation has been responsible for economic growth is this. In 1954, 24 per cent. of the money people in the Federation spent on consumption was spent on imported consumer goods. By 1959 the percentage had fallen to 19. Since only about one-half the national product is devoted to private consumption, the importance of this change in the national economy must not be exaggerated.

Has this growth in manufacturing been caused by federation? Undoubtedly, the new Federal tariff has had something to do with it, but, as I have mentioned already, it is a mixed blessing. It can have stimulated local industry only by keeping out

cheaper imports and thereby putting up the cost of living. And what, in this context, is local industry? Here is the rub. The development of manufacturing has taken place overwhelmingly in Southern Rhodesia. It is not surprising that Nyasaland Africans do not appreciate an arrangement which increases their cost of living in order to stimulate industry in Southern Rhodesia.

Of course, Nyasaland must have received some benefit from this industrial development in Southern Rhodesia. It has helped to provide jobs for Nyasa migrant workers. It has also increased Southern Rhodesia's contribution to the Federal revenues, reducing Nyasaland's dependence on Northern Rhodesia. But against these benefits must be set not only the higher cost of living but also the increased difficulty of establishing new industries within Nyasaland itself. The industrial development that was going forward in Southern Rhodesia before federation has been fostered by the protective tariff. But Nyasaland, as a member of the Federation, can erect no barriers of her own to protect infant industries against competition from Southern Rhodesia.

I have not been trying to make a case against federation. Nor would I wish for one moment to suggest that, if the Federation were broken up, Nyasaland, for instance, would become a land flowing in milk and honey. And I am not going to attempt the hazardous exercise of predicting the economic future of the area, whether federated, unfederated, or with some other links. That is far too complicated a question to answer briefly, in general terms, without detailed study. There is certainly no evidence that the Monckton Commission studied this question deeply enough to justify their giving a confident reply. My aim has been much less ambitious than that. What I have been arguing, in summary, is this. The Commission, I believe, have grossly exaggerated the economic benefits that federation has brought about; on the flimsiest of grounds they have concluded that the economic growth that has taken place since federation has been caused by federation; and they have entirely ignored the fact that there is a darker side to the economic effects of federation. The two African Commissioners who rejected altogether the federal connexion, were right, I am sure, to question the economic views of the eminent signatories of the Majority Report.

—Third Programme

Paying for Western Defence

By GEORGE BULL

THE United States is closely involved in European defence as the most important member of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. Just as ever since the war the Americans have generously poured out loans and assistance to less developed countries, so they have played the biggest part in the defence of the West, including their contribution to the running costs of Nato and the stationing of their troops in Europe.

However, since Nato came into existence in 1949 there have been big changes in the relative prosperity of its members. West Germany, for example, which became a full member in 1955, has fully recovered from the ravages of war. Today, West Germany is one of the world's richest countries—the second biggest exporter of manufactured goods, for example, with a high level of production and strong reserves of gold and foreign currencies of over \$7,000,000,000. In addition, the West Germans have not been called upon—to anything like the same extent as Britain and the United States—to pump money abroad in the shape of investment and aid.

Today, the Germans are running a high surplus on their foreign payments—that is, they earn more from abroad than they spend abroad. On the other hand, the United States, although much more powerful in trading and industrial terms than West Germany, actually pumps out more funds abroad than it receives. That is partly because although the Americans sell more goods than they buy, they more than offset this by the amount they spend

on keeping troops abroad, on contributing to Nato, and on economic aid. As a result, American gold reserves have fallen from \$22,500,000,000 in 1957 to about \$18,000,000,000 today. That is still a high level by any standards. But if the drain goes on—and for many reasons capital outflow has risen rapidly in the recent past—there is a danger that the United States will be in serious difficulties.

The Americans could help to redress the balance by cutting imports from abroad, or cutting down the troops sent to defend the Western Alliance. Instead they have been trying to persuade other Western countries to relieve them of some of their financial burdens, both by boosting their own contributions to Western defence and by contributing more to the aid given to less developed countries. They have already asked the West Germans to do something on both these scores. The talks were not a success, chiefly because the Germans are not prepared to go as far as the United States wants and make a big financial contribution towards the cost of United States forces stationed in Germany. They did promise to repay the United States money owing for post-war aid, to increase German aid to developing countries, and to consider paying more towards the Nato organization itself.

American requests to West Germany are only part of the picture. Over the coming months, we are going to hear more of measures by the United States to solve its present financial problems without abdicating its leadership of the West.—General Overseas Service.

The Listener

© BRITISH BROADCASTING CORPORATION, LONDON, ENGLAND, 1960

The yearly subscription rate to THE LISTENER, U.S. and Canadian edition is \$7.50, including postage; special rate for two years \$12.50; for three years \$17.00. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., Eastern News Distributors, Inc., New York 14, N.Y. All communications (including letters for publication and poems which may be submitted accompanied by stamped addressed envelope) should be sent to the Editor at 35, Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England.

Book Numbers

THE chairman of a well-known publishing company is reported to have said last week that this has been a 'bumper year' for books; and the Cambridge University Press has announced, in words more suited to its dignity, that its publishing sales have 'reached a new high level'. Why so much cheerfulness? For publishers, like farmers, do not customarily admit that the harvest is good. Generally they are gloomy about the high costs of printing and of paper and the idiosyncrasies of authors. However, they can scarcely complain about the amount of space that is now being allotted to book reviews in the press as a whole; indeed few commodities can obtain so much free advertising. But one suspects that it is the thought of the 'bulge' which is warming the cockles of the publisher's heart. There are more children in the top forms of schools than ever before; and new universities in Yorkshire, Sussex, and East Anglia are being established to meet the needs of higher education. A substantial number of British publishers are engaged in one way or another in the text-book trade and general publishers usually find it more profitable than selling 'prestige' books, which receive such flattering notices in Book Numbers and elsewhere. The author who receives a regular and gratifying royalty cheque is less likely to be a distinguished essayist than a hard-working ex-schoolmaster who achieved fame in his class room rather than in the literary salons of Chelsea.

Not that prestige books and respectable back lists are to be despised. Here lies the risk-bearing side of publishing which authors tend to forget. How far is a publisher justified in committing himself to a large sum to buy the rights of a book by a public figure—a soldier or a statesman, for example—before he is sure that the book will be either interesting or readable? How can he be sure that a work of scholarship will become an incumbent of his back list: for it may soon be out of date or superseded? Of course he can protect himself to some extent, for example, by publishing subsidized books or by exerting some control over the manuscript through editing (though this is a commoner practice in the United States). But on the whole publishing is a battle of wits. Sometimes an author benefits from the competition. At other times he finds he has succumbed too easily to a publisher's wily suggestion. It is notable that, while authors may find an advantage in the increased price of books since the war, publishers rarely offer larger advances than they did then. Thus an author may have to work for years and then wait another year or so before he is paid for his time.

At any rate the gloomy prognostications that were uttered about the future of books when television began to sweep the country do not appear to have been realized. Most publishers would now admit that broadcasting as a whole stimulates rather than diminishes reading. Many people who spend their six hours a day in 'viewing' would never in any case have read anything but an evening newspaper. But others are stimulated, as in the class room or lecture room, to find out more about the subjects that attract them by reading authoritative books. The increase in the circulation of the so-called 'serious' newspapers during recent years is surely symptomatic of rising standards in reading. As the educational system widens, the demand for good books will grow. Nothing will ever prevent young men and women wanting to learn or will deprive the old of the pleasures of reading.

What They Are Saying

The American envoys in Bonn

THE UNSUCCESSFUL ENDEAVOUR by the two American officials to get Western Germany to make an immediate financial contribution, to help redress the U.S. balance of payments, was commented on somewhat contradictorily by Moscow radio, which put out the following broadcast in English for the United Kingdom:

The mission of saving the dollar entrusted to U.S. Treasury Secretary Anderson and Under-Secretary of State Dillon has failed completely. Bonn refused to donate a penny. Judging by press reports, the only thing to which Chancellor Adenauer and the men from his Cabinet have agreed is the billion-dollar programme for aid to foreign countries. The aim of the Bonn revanchists is to arm themselves to the teeth with the aid of the U.S.A. and then dictate their conditions to their allies, including Washington. Bonn fully realizes the fact that the U.S.A. is the main competitor of West German imperialism. Is it Bonn's duty to help Washington out of the hole into which it has fallen owing to the shortsightedness of its leaders?

A Moscow commentator in Danish, however, drew almost opposite conclusions. Washington and Bonn were, he said, in complete agreement on all that concerned plans of aggression. The U.S. wanted Western Germany to be given an increasingly dominant position in Nato. Washington had every reason to believe that West Germany would respond to 'Uncle Sam's appeal':

These hopes have proved not entirely unfounded. Adenauer has agreed to grant between three and four billion marks for the perpetuation of colonialism. The West German Government believes that Western Germany will be able to claim to be the U.S.A.'s major partner in the plunder and oppression of underdeveloped countries. Nor has Bonn refused outright to pay for further rearmament—first and foremost, atomic rearmament. The only stipulation was that the U.S.A. should give Western Germany equal rights—to put it briefly, legalize the atomic armament of the West German Army. When Anderson and Dillon asked for contributions towards the maintenance of American troops of West German territory, Bonn used this question as a bargaining counter, letting it be understood that the problem could be solved if the U.S.A. prevented Paris and London from queuing up for West German money for the maintenance of their troops.

In America *The New York Times* said there was general agreement that the era when the United States was the Atlas who carried the whole free world on his shoulders has ended, and that a new era has dawned in which other free nations, grown strong and prosperous through American aid, must share the burden. The newspaper noted the pledges given by the West German Government and said that although these would require detailed negotiations, their psychological impact should not be ignored and they should help to dispel renewed communist hopes that the final 'crisis of capitalism' was at hand. The *New York Herald Tribune*, on the other hand, called the outcome of the talks 'surprising and disappointing', although it thought there might have been faults on both sides.

In West Germany the pro-government *Koelnische Rundschau* said the temporary suspension of the talks would not destroy German-U.S. friendship. Both sides know that in the interest of the common cause the differences must be bridged, and for this reason the discussions must continue. At the same time the newspaper insisted that the West German Government could not go beyond the limits prescribed by the budgetary situation and the need to maintain an even economy. The left-wing *Frankfurter Rundschau*, writing with a good deal more concern, said that the West German Government seemed to have taken the negotiations too lightly and not to have been fully informed about the critical situation in the United States. *Die Welt* recalled that an American recruit in Germany could put twice as much in his pocket every week as a skilled German worker, and that an American sergeant drew the same pay as a German major. In France *Le Monde* said that to complain that the German people were the most heavily taxed in the world was not the sort of thing which would help German-American relations.

—Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service
DERRICK SINGTON

Did You Hear That?

LOST ON THE MOON?

'NAVIGATION and the early exploration of the Moon' was the title of a conference held in London recently. Attending it for 'Radio Newsreel' (Light Programme) was DAVID WILSON, B.B.C. reporter, who found that the problem of getting to the Moon is comparatively simple compared with the problem of finding your way about it when you have actually got there.

'The mathematics of navigating the way to the Moon', he said, 'took up the morning session of the conference, including the suggestion that the best way of dealing with the problem would be to take an electronic computer—a lightweight one—in the rocket. But when the explorers get there, it will not be so simple. The Moon is so much more curved than the earth, being smaller, that one could not see so far; and compasses would not work because there is no North Pole. Equally, radio will not work in the same way as on Earth because there is no ionosphere to bounce the waves around; and, of course, there are no good maps. In fact, the chances are that when the first explorers climb out of the Moon crater in which they have landed, they would be lost immediately unless they had taken more navigational equipment than their rocket needed. Probably, they would have to have special satellites going round and round the Moon, so that they could fix their north; then they might use ground waves—that is electric waves passing through the rocks. They might even use explosions in the rocks to guide them back to their base.

'No one knows whether rockets or coloured flares would work on the Moon. For short journeys, radio beacons could be used, but only as long as they could be kept in sight. One speaker suggested that much the best thing for exploring the Moon would be a sort of giant tank or a moon-bus, flown up in three different rockets, which would be able to navigate by using the sort of system that nuclear submarines use in our earthly seas, a system of inertial guidance, so that as it groped blindly forward, or very nearly blindly, even if the occupants did not know where they were going to, at least they would know where they had come from'.

HISTORIC BUILDINGS

JOHN CHARLTON is an inspector of Ancient Monuments and Royal Palaces. In 'The Onlooker' (General Overseas Service) he explained what this entails.

'My main job', he said, 'is to advise people what they are to do with historic buildings—buildings like 10 Downing Street, the Treasury, and the Royal Palaces. We try to preserve the best things of the particular period, the ones most characteristic, and to make sure that any additions are of the right kind. If there is a building, say, of Tudor date, I would not suggest that an imitation Tudor building be erected next to it: the design should be a modern one, because the modern age has its own contribution to make, and many of our historic buildings gain by the variety of periods which stand side by side.

'My main business is to confer with the architects who have to do these necessary alterations, sometimes for a



Flamsteed House, Greenwich Observatory: some of the instruments on view in the Halley room—

conversion to a different use, sometimes because the building has to be repaired, as in the case of 10 Downing Street, and ensure that the general character of the building is kept.

'For instance, restorations are at present being carried out at Greenwich Observatory. Last summer the Queen opened the oldest part of the Observatory, that once occupied by the Reverend John Flamsteed, the first Astronomer Royal, but repairs are still being done to the rest of the Observatory. The work has involved replacing some of the most important historical astronomical apparatus—such as that used by Halley—in the rooms where they were originally used'.



—and a seventeenth-century German universal equinoctial dial in the Maskelyne room

BIRDS ON THE MAY

'We were bearing down on the familiar silhouette of the Isle of May and that was reason enough for me to feel on top form', said STANLEY CERELY in a talk in the Home Service. 'I had spent many happy days on that mile and a quarter of green-grey basalt in past years—days that had flashed by much too quickly. That is what happens when you live for a while alone in an ancient, disused lighthouse—especially if, like me, you are keen on the study of birds and, at the same time, you have to make sure that everything is snug and shipshape within those thick stone walls and are trying to keep body and soul together as well.

'Mr. Watts (the principal lighthouse keeper) and his assistants who man the modern lighthouse on the loftiest part of the island kindly gave me a hand



Western cliffs of the Isle of May and, right, a shag on one of the cliff ledges

Stanley Cerey

with my gear. We soon had it installed in "Dunvegan"—that is the nickname given to the Old Light.

'When I pushed open the door of the watch-room all the reasons why I like returning to the May came flooding back. I knew the island intimately: it was my fourth stay on it in ten years. It makes a difference of course if you are interested in the study of birds as I have been for many years now. It is a rewarding pastime, as all those who engage in it are well aware—it gives you so many experiences of pure joy, even if there are occasional disappointments, too.

'The Isle of May lies at the entrance to the Firth of Forth. That is probably the reason why its weather is liable to change sometimes from one extreme to another with very little warning. All the year round it is the haunt of thousands of sea-birds which lay their eggs on the narrow ledges of its steep, 160-foot-high cliffs. The island provides a stop-over in spring and autumn for large numbers of migrants. Many of them arrive exhausted after a long flight over the sea, and some are rare visitors to Britain. I remember the first time I visited the May, in the spring ten years ago, seeing a red-spotted blue-throat: it stayed on the island twenty-four hours. I shall never forget the sight of that lovely little bird. It was probably making for some far-off birch forest in northern Norway, Sweden, or Finland.

'An island like the May has much to give to bird-watchers and to people who enjoy living close to the sea in all its moods. Take the huge sea-bird colonies, for example, which vary in numbers from year to year—they provide a wonderful opportunity for comparative study. If you knew the island and its birds you would probably ask yourself: What makes the breeding populations fluctuate so? Why, for instance, such a large increase

in the nesting shags during the past few years? Will the fulmar population continue to grow at its present rate? And is there any hope that the terns, those elegant creatures known as sea-swallows, which have vanished from the island in the past year or so, will come back to fill the air above the North Ness with the babel of their voices and the flicker of their slender wings?

'These are only some of the questions that challenge bird men who set foot on the May. I had been developing my own theories and had come back to the island to collect more facts. The fun of the thing, of course, is that you are constantly on the watch for clues which might help to solve your particular problem. Then you try to make fair and reasonable deductions from your collected observations. For instance, there could be no doubt at all that the alarming increase in those notorious egg-robbers, the herring gulls and lesser black-backs, breeding on the island was a factor in the disappearance of the terns. But that it was necessarily the only—or even the chief—cause I was less ready to accept. There was the possibility of a shrinkage in their available food supply—chiefly sand-eels. Or perhaps fishing-grounds elsewhere, that had recently become more attractive, had enticed them away. It is also well known that terns are rather erratic in their choice of breeding areas and in forsaking them.

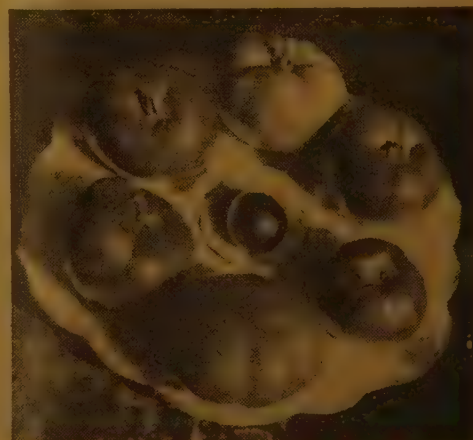
'The ringing of birds on the May has taught scientists a great deal about the routes used by migrant birds. Anyone interested in this branch of bird study would have enormous scope on the island, where it is very nearly possible to predict to the day the arrival of many species, and where certain rarities touch down regularly'.

ATOMS IN THE GARDEN

One of the peaceful uses of atomic energy not as widely publicized as others is the help it can give in plant mutations. Recently an Atomic Gardening Society Show and Symposium was held in London. JOHN GREENSLADE, a B.B.C. agricultural producer, spoke of the show in 'Radio Newsreel'.

'I have been looking at the possible shape of things to come in the garden', he said. 'I examined plants of marigolds, zinnias, and sweet corn grown from irradiated or atom-blasted seeds. These seeds are treated with a special kind of atomic energy called gamma-rays, and the first of them came into this country last year. At the beginning of 1960 an Atomic Gardening Society was formed to encourage experiments. Gardening at the best of times is unpredictable, and it becomes even more so with irradiated seeds. They may produce plants different in size or number of blooms; with greater yield or a sweeter perfume; in fact, anything may happen. The number of variations so far have exceeded expectations, but it will take several generations to prove whether these changes are permanent.

'There will be many disappointments and setbacks for the modern Jack aiming for his giant beanstalk, and although it is hoped that crops will develop beneficial characters, such as "earliness" and more resistance to diseases, poorer specimens may also be produced. One experimenter grew just one vast tomato on a plant, and that one was full of seeds and tasted bitter. Pictures of marigolds with forty flowers on a plant and asters three feet eight inches tall, and blooms four inches in diameter were on display, and quicker germination with sweet corn was illustrated. Germination of these seeds under ideal conditions can occur in no more than a day, so we are getting near to the old gardener's warning leg-pull of planting the seeds and standing clear'.



An average-sized tomato (centre) surrounded by tomatoes grown from irradiated seed

Art and Anarchy

Critique of Connoisseurship

The third of six Reith Lectures by EDGAR WIND

IN speaking about connoisseurship one cannot help stumbling over the word *connoisseur*. Although English experts on art have been eminently skilful in ascribing old drawings and paintings to the right masters, the English language has not produced a native word for that kind of skill. The connoisseur is still what he was in the eighteenth century, a character set apart by virtue of certain refinements of taste for which a French word seemed the right designation.

To form an idea of an eighteenth-century connoisseur, it would be dangerous to entrust oneself unreservedly to Hogarth. Hogarth disliked anything French, also anything that sounded French. Moreover, he was engaged in a private war with a group of gentlemen whom he called 'dealers in dark pictures', which was his own way of fighting the perennial battle of the moderns against the ancients. Nevertheless, Hogarth knew what he hated, and intelligent satire is always enlightening. I shall therefore quote from a vivid but nasty letter which he published in a daily newspaper over the signature 'Britophil'. In it he described how an innocent Englishman was bamboozled into paying a large sum for a 'dark' painting which he did not particularly like. His tempter persuaded him to commit this folly by addressing him in a superior way:

'Sir, (he said), I find that you are no *connoisseur*; the picture, I assure you, is in Alesso Baldminetto's second and best manner, boldly painted, and truly sublime . . . —Then, spitting in an obscure place, and rubbing it with a dirty handkerchief, [the quack] takes a skip to other end of the room, and screams out in raptures, 'There's an amazing touch! A man should have this picture a twelvemonth in his collection before he can discover half its beauties!'

Hogarth had a genius for catching essentials; and almost all the essentials of eighteenth-century connoisseurship are present in this little travesty. The first essential is to attach a painter's name to an anonymous picture, to make what is called 'an attribution'; and Alesso Baldminetto is a fair deviation from Alesso Baldovinetti, who had the good fortune to exist. The second essential is to be precise about it; hence we are told that the picture belongs to Baldminetto's second period. The next essential is to point to an obscure detail in the painting and blow it up into something important; and the final and perhaps the most significant touch is to make a gesture which suggests that no reasons can be given for the judgment passed by the connoisseur, because it is all a matter of perception, and hence ineffable.

Since the days of Hogarth, attention to the authenticity of ancient paintings has greatly increased, and the connoisseur's importance has correspondingly grown, not only for museums, collectors, and the trade, but also in the more abstract pursuits of academic art history, where he has become an indispensable and vigilant critic. Let anyone propose an ambitious theory about Leonardo da Vinci, for example, and the connoisseur will inquire whether the drawings on which the theory rests are really by Leonardo's hand. It is not unusual for the prettiest intellectual structures to come tumbling down as soon as the magic rod of

connoisseurship begins to tap the foundations. Of the importance of the connoisseur to our understanding of the art of the past there can therefore not be the slightest doubt. But what has he to do with Art and Anarchy today?

He would have nothing to do with it at all, if he still performed only the sort of hocus-pocus that disgusted Hogarth; but those days are more or less over. Connoisseurship of painting has become a solid craft, and, like every other craft, it has its philosophy. As a craftsman the modern connoisseur knows how to feel

the pulse of a picture, to distinguish the genuine from the counterfeit; he has a sense of authenticity. As a philosopher (that is to say, as an aesthetician) he regards those traits which reveal authenticity as the most important parts of a painting. I shall try here to discuss both aspects of his work, the technique as well as the underlying aesthetic.

The technique of connoisseurship was rationalized in the nineteenth century by a clear-headed amateur, who did his work so exceedingly well that it passed almost imperceptibly into the work of his professional successors. I mean the great Italian innovator Giovanni Morelli, to whom I shall devote much of this talk. Himself a connoisseur of exceptionally wide experience and outstanding ability, he detested the grandiloquent verbiage which always renders the study of art unnecessarily suspect. He was determined to show that there is nothing mysterious about making an attribution; that like any other skill, it requires a certain gift, and regular exercise; that it rests neither on irrational nor on super-rational powers but on a clear understanding of the particular



Giovanni Morelli: from a portrait by Lenbach in the Accademia Carrara, Bergamo

characteristics by which the author of a painting can be recognized in his work. For this purpose he worked out a well-defined method, for which he claimed that it transformed attributions from inspired guesses into verifiable propositions. Decried as charlatanism when it was first published, but soon adopted by Frizzoni, Berenson, Friedländer and others, and now in use in all the schools of art history, Morelli's method rests on a meticulous technique of visual dissociation—an extreme case of the kind of detachment which makes our perception of art a strictly marginal experience.

We may then find that what looks at first like the professional eccentricity of a specialized method is actually a refined, precise, and therefore valuable statement of a far profounder eccentricity in which many of us share. In other words, I make bold to suggest that in certain of our habitual ways of approaching art we are something like unconscious Morellians; or to put it more precisely, that the Morellian method has carried some of our artistic prejudices to their logical conclusion. We can recognize ourselves in it as in a sharp caricature which overdraws our features and thereby makes them unmistakable. If Hogarth thought of the connoisseur as a marginal figure in the artistic life of his day, and a sort of nuisance which might be eliminated with profit, I would venture to say that the connoisseur's way of looking at art has become for us ingrained, because art itself has moved to the margin. Let us then examine three questions, to see if these reflections

have any truth: first, what kind of a man Morelli was; secondly, exactly what his method is; and, thirdly, what bearing it has on our current ways of responding to art.

Morelli was a native of Verona, where he was born in 1816, and by choice a citizen of Bergamo, to which he left a small and exquisite collection of paintings.

Trained as a physician and an expert in comparative anatomy, he held for a short time a post in the University of Munich, but he never practised medicine. His life became absorbed in two avocations, politics and art. As a young man he moved in the circle of Bettina von Arnim, he befriended also the poet Rückert, and frequented the studio of the painter Genelli, for whom he even posed—frightful thought—as Prometheus; but from 1848 to 1871 his ruling passion was that of an Italian patriot, fighting for the liberation and unification of Italy. It was only late in life, when he had acquired the dignity of Senator of the Kingdom of Italy, that he found the leisure to publish his disturbing discoveries in the field of Italian art. Perhaps in order to secure for them an unprejudiced hearing, and to satisfy a certain romantic taste he had for ironic make-believe, he published them under a bizarre pseudonym and in a foreign language.

He pretended that his books were written by a Russian, Ivan Lermolieff (a Russianized anagram of Morelli), and translated into German by a writer who called himself Johannes Schwarze (which again means Giovanni Morelli). In a lively and lucid German prose, with no trace of Teutonic obscurity in it but many touches of Slavic wit, his Russian double plays the part of a bewildered but determined young sightseer. On a visit to Florence he encounters an anti-clerical Italian patriot who introduces him to what Berenson was to call the 'rudiments' of connoisseurship. 'As I was leaving the Palazzo Pitti one afternoon', our Russian writes, 'I found myself descending the stair in the company of an elderly gentleman, apparently an Italian of the better class . . .'. In that casual tone the revolutionary chapter on 'Principles and Method' opens.

Morelli had tactical reasons, beyond the mere fun of it, for placing his arguments in a fictitious setting. The use of dialogue made it possible for him to contrast his own plain Socratic statements with the inflated language of his opponents. On an imaginary visit to the Dresden Gallery the presumed Lermolieff becomes involved in polite conversation with an opinionated German blue-stocking of noble birth, Elise von Blasewitz, in the presence of her father. The lady is frightfully lettered; quotes Vasari and Mengs as readily as the Schlegels, but when Lermolieff tries to explain to her why 'The Reading Magdalen' is not a painting by Correggio, her literary reminiscences interpose themselves between the picture and her gold-rimmed spectacles. In the end she dismisses his views as 'Russian nihilism'. It is as if Morelli had foreseen the insidious



—and from his *The Borghese Gallery*, first published 1874-76

kind of attack to which his new method would be exposed.

As late as 1919—that is, twenty-eight years after Morelli's death—a well-known critic, Max Friedländer, could still refer to him as a sort of charlatan, although he added a few significant reservations. In the first place he did not question Morelli's results; he questioned only the way in which Morelli claimed to have reached them. The disputed point thus appeared to be the Morellian method, but even that is saying too much, since Friedländer did not deny that the method was useful; he employed it himself. What he meant to deny was the possibility of obtaining by that method the spectacular results that Morelli had obtained. In Friedländer's opinion, Morelli's attributions were produced by intuition, while Morelli claimed that he had produced them by science, and apparently that made him a charlatan.

Undoubtedly, the new attributions were spectacular. To give just one example, the 'Sleeping Venus' by Giorgione is today such a familiar picture that we might imagine it to have been known always as a great work by Giorgione; but until Morelli had taken a good look at that painting it was catalogued in the Dresden Gallery as the copy of a lost Titian by Sassoferrato. That

sounded so learned that it satisfied everyone; and no doubt it would have pleased Hogarth. In the Dresden Gallery alone, forty-six paintings were renamed because of Morelli's discoveries, and in other museums the upheaval was on a comparable scale. Morelli's friend, Sir Henry Layard, did not exaggerate when he wrote that Morelli had caused a revolution.

And now a word about the Morellian method. Like other revolutionary devices, it is simple and disconcerting. Morelli explained that to recognize the hand of a master in a given painting it is necessary to arrest, even to reverse, the normal aesthetic reaction. In looking at a picture our first impulse is to surrender to a general impression and then concentrate on particular effects which are artistically important: composition, proportion, colour, expression, gesture. None of these, Morelli says, will reveal with certainty the hand of a particular

painter because they are studio devices which painters learn from each other. It may be true, for example, that Raphael grouped some of his figures in the shape of a pyramid, but pyramidal composition became a commonplace of the school of Raphael, so that its presence does not assure us of the hand of the master. Raphael's figures often express devotion by raising their eyes in a sentimental way, but Raphael had learned that trick from Perugino, and so any painter of his own school could have learned it from him. When we see a painting of a youthful head ascribed to Leonardo da Vinci, we inadvertently concentrate on the smile which is regarded as characteristic of Leonardo's figures, but we must not forget that innumerable imitators and copyists have concentrated on that smile before, with the result that it is rarely absent from their paintings. What is more, since expression and composition are artistically significant features, the restorer will try to preserve them. It is in them that the hand of the master is first obliterated by being reinforced; and, of course, they also attract the forger.

Morelli drew the only possible inference from these observations. To identify the hand of the master, and distinguish it from the hand of a copyist, we must pay attention to small idiosyncrasies which seem inessential, subordinate features which look so irrelevant that they would not engage the attention of any imitator, restorer, or forger: the shape of a finger-nail or the lobe of an ear. As these are inexpressive parts of a figure, the artist himself, no less than his imitator, is likely to relax in their execution; they are the places where he lets himself go, and for that reason they reveal him unmistakably. This is the core of Morelli's argument: an artist's personal instinct for form will

appear at its purest in the least significant parts of his work because they are the least laboured.

To some of Morelli's critics it has seemed odd 'that personality should be found where personal effort is weakest'. But on this point modern psychology would certainly support Morelli: our inadvertent little expressions reveal our character far more than any formal expression that we may carefully prepare. Morelli put his case plainly:

As most men who speak or write have verbal habits and use their favourite words or phrases involuntarily and sometimes even most inappropriately, so almost every painter has his own peculiarities which escape him without his being aware of them. . . . Anyone, therefore, who wants to study a painter closely, must know how to discover these material trifles and attend to them with care: a student of calligraphy would call them flourishes.

Morelli's books look different from those of any other writer on art; they are sprinkled with illustrations of fingers and ears, careful records of the characteristic trifles by which an artist gives himself away, as a criminal might be spotted by a fingerprint. Since any art gallery studied by Morelli begins to resemble a rogues' gallery, we must not be too severe in our judgment of those who at first regarded Morelli's tests with consternation: they do offend against the idealistic spirit in which we like to approach great works of art. Morelli seems to invite us to recognize a great artist not by the power with which he moves us, or by the importance of what he has to say, but by the nervous

twitch and the slight stammer which in him are just a little different from the quirks of his imitators. But let us not lose sight of Morelli's purpose: it is the *hand* of the master that he wants to discover, and as long as that remains our well-defined aim we must not recoil from the unflattering tests by which one hand is distinguished from another. Morelli himself put it more picturesquely: 'Whoever finds my method too materialistic and unworthy of a lofty mind, let him leave the heavy ballast of my work untouched, and soar to higher spheres in the balloon of fancy'.

However, behind the Morellian method lies a particular and very deep feeling about art. It is not just the assignment of a name that interests the connoisseur of painting; it is the authentic *touch* which he seeks to feel and for which the name is merely an index. For Morelli, the spirit of an artist resides in his hand; and if another hand is superimposed on his work, it means that the spirit has been obscured, and we must search in the ruin for the few fragments in which the artist's original perception may have remained intact. On these true relics the eye must seize for its instruction. At first glance, Morelli's concentrated study of the lobe of an ear might seem like Wölfflin's curious concern for a nostril, to which I referred in my last talk. Wölfflin, however, uses the small detail as a unit of measure — what an architect would call a module — for building up the larger structure, whereas Morelli's eye rests on the small fragment as the trace of a 'lost original'. An intensely romantic view of art is implied by this method. Whether intentionally or not, Morelli leaves one with the



Constable's final sketch for 'The Leaping Horse', in the Victoria and Albert Museum



The finished painting of 'The Leaping Horse', in the Royal Academy of Arts

perplexing impression that a great work of art must be as tough as it is fragile. While the slightest fading or retouching or over-cleaning of a detail seems to throw the whole picture out of balance, yet through the distortion by coarse restorers and by clumsy copyists the aura of the 'lost original' remains so potent that concentration on a genuine fragment is sufficient to evoke it. We must remember that Morelli was born in 1816, and that his cult of the fragment as the true signature of the artist is a well-known Romantic heresy.

Distrust of the Finished Work

Quite apart from questions of preservation, the Romantic in Morelli distrusted the finished work and its conventions. Whatever smacked of academic rule or aesthetic commonplace he dismissed as deceptive, hackneyed, and unrewarding, and withdrew from it to those intimate, private, and minute perceptions which he felt to be the only safeguard of pure sensibility. Clear-sighted about the logic of his method, he came to regard the study of drawings as more fundamental than that of paintings. The spontaneous sketch retained in its freshness what the labours of execution tended to stale. To this day, much of our approach to art is under the spell of this particular Morellian preference. We do not feel that we have fully entered into the spirit of a painting until we have traced it back to those bold notations in which the master's hand vibrates and flickers. Intently we listen for the inspired stammer which preceded the grammatical sentence. The finished masterpiece is dead, but the inchoate sketch helps us to revive it.

It is here that the peculiar sensibility of the connoisseur, which guides him in making an attribution, merges with a far more universal foible of the imagination in which most of us share, connoisseurs or not. In looking at paintings, we are all caught up in the pursuit of freshness. We are under the spell of spontaneous brushwork and cherish the instantaneous sensation with which it strikes the eye. How often have we not heard admirers of Constable repeat the insufferable cliché that only his bold sketches reveal his force as an artist, whereas the meticulous labour he bestowed on his finished paintings was a deplorable aberration, for which he paid dearly by loss of spontaneity. The richness of texture in a finished Constable is, indeed, less spontaneous than the first excited draft, but it is a maturer and mellowed image, which must be seen with a less nervous eye, and observed at a range sufficiently close not to let the eye skip over the detailed nuances.

And how afraid we all are to let Hogarth's paintings exercise our eye as he wanted it to be exercised: he meant 'to lead the eye a wanton kind of chase', as he called it, but we are much too impatient to pursue the calculated intricacies of his finished designs. Instead we gloat on the superbly sketched 'Shrimp Girl' or on the unfinished 'Country Dance' and regret that not all his paintings were left as sketchy, and hence as fresh as these two.

Because the instantaneous sensation means more to us than the sustained imaginative pursuit, we fall into that typically Romantic predicament which Wordsworth described as 'a degrading thirst after outrageous stimulation'. Hence we put a premium on the inchoate work of art, arrested at its inception for the sake of spontaneity. On the production of art this prejudice has a debilitating effect: it encourages a striving for the immediate, a peculiar sophistry of production by which each work, no matter how laboured, hopes to give the impression of being freshly improvised. Never has the *capriccio* in art, the effective arrangement of striking irregularities, held quite the commanding position it holds today. According to Ortega y Gasset, all the extravagances of modern art become comprehensible if they are interpreted as attempts to be youthful. If we consider the youth of our artistic octogenarians, the attempt has been remarkably successful. Nevertheless, there is weakness in an art which refuses to ripen.

Morelli's Constructive Technique

It is obvious that the impulses which I have here described lie far deeper than the Morellian method, which is nothing but a refined, well-circumscribed, and remarkably early symptom of them. The technique itself has worked wonders in our discernment of art, and it would be foolish to think we could do without

it. Ever since Morelli published his books, all serious connoisseurs have been Morellians, whether passionate Morellians like Berenson, or irritable and reluctant Morellians like Friedländer. Moreover, since questions of authenticity enter into every phase of the study of art, it is inevitable that a Morellian is concealed in every art-historian who has mastered the elements of his discipline. It would be absurd to suppose that Raphael's art could be sensibly discussed without a knowledge of the criteria by which it can be decided, or at least debated, whether a drawing is by Raphael or not. It seems to me therefore a groundless fear that connoisseurship may be going out of fashion. One might as well fear that palaeography might become unfashionable in the study of manuscripts.

We must, however, distinguish clearly between a valid technique which should be applied to the study of art, and the personal outlook on art in general by which the great masters of that technique were inspired and sustained. The weakness of the connoisseur's relation to painting is that he inclines to sacrifice almost everything to freshness. His test is pure sensibility, a feeling for the authentic touch, and so he cultivates the spontaneous fragment, which turns all art into intimate chamber art. He cherishes the condensed, unadulterated sensation, from which the force of the original vision sprang; but he tends to be impatient of the external devices by which the vision is expanded and developed. Connoisseurs, it seems to me, are over-anxious not to let the artistic experience run its full course, but to arrest it at the highest point of spontaneity.

It is true that Berenson was not satisfied with pure connoisseurship and played with the psychological aesthetics of the eighteenth-century, from which he took his ideas of empathy and tactile values, but it is fortunate that his achievement does not rest on these shaky props. No one would seriously maintain that his view of art was formed on the optical theories of Robert Vischer. It was shaped by Morelli.

A False Philosophy

It has repeatedly happened in the history of scholarship that a technique has outlasted the philosophy which prompted it. The differential calculus is still in use, but its users are not expected to accept the metaphysics of either Leibniz or Newton. In modern linguistics the old phonetic laws have retained their value, although few linguists, I am told, believe in their automatic action. No doubt, in psycho-analysis likewise, certain techniques introduced by Freud and Jung will remain effective long after Freud's or Jung's conceptions of the *psyche* have acquired a quaint archaic flavour. Freshness is important in works of art, and we should be grateful for a technique which pursues it. Nevertheless, 'freshness is all' is a false philosophy, and the view of art which it entails is lopsided. Undoubtedly, 'all that a man does is physiognomical of him', and a rapid sketch may reveal an artist's physiognomy more perfectly than the finished artifact; but if we allow a diagnostic preoccupation to tinge the whole of our artistic sensibility, we may end by deploring any patient skill in painting as an encroachment of craftsmanship upon expression.

—Home Service

Poem

Many arrivals make us live: the tree becoming
Green, a bird tipping the topmost bough,
A seed pushing itself beyond itself,
The mole making its way through darkest ground,
The worm, intrepid scholar of the soil—
Do these analogies perplex? A sky with clouds,
The motion of the moon, and waves at play,
A sea-wind pausing in a summer tree.

What does what it should do needs nothing more.
The body moves, though slowly, toward desire.
We come to something without knowing why.

THEODORE ROETHKE

The Bohemians

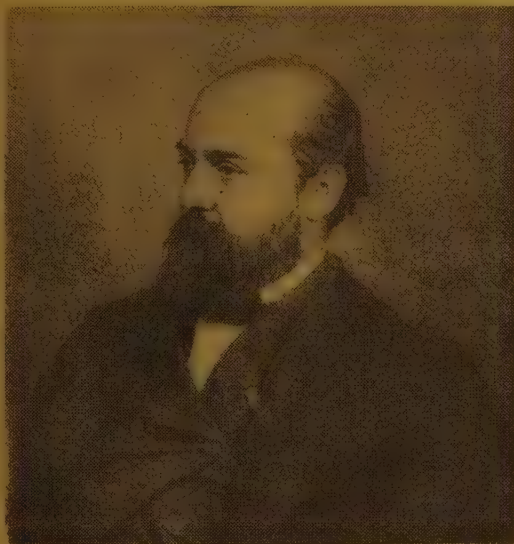
By ROBERT BALDICK

IN the eighteenth century, Bohemia was generally understood to be a central European kingdom under Habsburg rule. But in the nineteenth century, according to a contemporary geographer, it was 'a district in the department of the Seine, bordered on the north by cold, on the south by love, on the west by hunger, on the east by hope'. It is impossible to say with any certainty exactly when the name of a Habsburg kingdom was transferred to a district of Paris, but by the eighteen-thirties the words Bohemia and Bohemian were being used by the bourgeoisie to describe and condemn the writers' and artists' quarter in the French capital and the urban gypsies who lived in that quarter. The artists for their part retaliated by defiantly adopting the name which had been fastened on to them and flaunting it in the faces of their bourgeois critics.

The first to do this were probably the young men who formed what they proudly called the Bohemia of the Impasse du Doyenné: Théophile Gautier, Arsène Houssaye, Théodore Chassériau, and Gérard de Nerval. They certainly made enough noise at unorthodox hours to be regarded as Bohemians by their more respectable neighbours, and they made no secret of their contempt for the smug, prosperous society of Louis-Philippe's France; but they themselves were too well provided with the good things of life to pass muster among their fellow artists. Thus Gautier's house-warming party in the Impasse du Doyenné was in fact a lavish fancy-dress ball on a grand scale, with a ballet-pantomime produced by members of the Comédie-Française and the Opéra. He and his friends, with their private means and parental allowances, were merely amateur Bohemians, prosperous *poseurs* with no experience of hardship and poverty.

It was not until the early eighteen-forties that a group of artists and writers came together who not only called themselves Bohemians but deserved the name. Their Bohemia was to be found at the Barrière d'Enfer, one of the gates of Paris, in a farm-house where they lived or congregated. They were all young men of humble birth with little or no money but great courage and high artistic ideals. There was Tabart the historical artist, Cabot the sculptor, Chintreuil the painter of Parisian street-scenes. There were the gaunt, saintly Desbrosses brothers, known as *Le Christ* and *Le Gothique*, a cab-driver's sons who had left home to take up sculpture and painting. There was Karol, the poorest and most generous of them all, who kept all his food for a week in seven

labelled parcels which he hung from a rafter and sacrificed without the slightest hesitation to any friend in need. And there was Henri Murger, a concierge's son who was to be the first writer to live the Bohemian life and give a faithful description of it.



Henri Murger (1822-61), author of *Scènes de la Bohème*

During the day, when they were not working, the Bohemians used to perch on the roof of their farm-house, scanning the horizon for some friend who might be bringing them a little food. In the evenings they huddled in hammocks slung across the studio or warmed themselves at a hole cut out of the floor which let in the hot, smelly air rising from the stables below. Every now and then one of the members of the group would have to go into hospital for a few months, suffering from malnutrition or tuberculosis; every now and then one of them died. And when the surviving Bohemians accompanied *Le Christ*, Joseph Desbrosses, on his last journey, and apologized to the grave-digger because none of them had any money for the usual tip, he looked at the emaciated, shabbily dressed mourners and replied: 'Never mind; next time will do . . .'

Yet, however desperate their situation might be, the Bohemians of the Barrière d'Enfer always stood together. They even formed a mutual aid society, which they called the Water-Drinkers for obvious reasons, and used the meagre subscriptions they paid into it to help particularly needy members. And when they came into Paris, to their favourite rendezvous at the Café Momus, where they used to meet Baudelaire and Courbet, they schemed together to obtain maximum comfort for them all at minimum expense. The coffee provided by the Café Momus was the cheapest in Paris and the price of one cup, five sous, was just within the resources of the group. The first to arrive would greet the proprietor, go upstairs to the smoke-room and order a cup of coffee. The second Bohemian would come in, ask if his friend had arrived, and go upstairs without waiting for an answer. The third would follow suit, inquiring after the second en route, and so it would go on until seven or eight Bohemians were comfortably installed in the smoke-room, warming themselves at a roaring fire, reading the newspapers and monopolizing the backgammon board, all for the price of a single cup of coffee.

It was this kind of ingenious device that Henri Murger described in his *Scènes de la Bohème*, which obtained tremendous success as a serial in the late eighteen-forties before being turned, first into a book, then into a play, and finally,



Mariette Roux (right), the Musette of *Scènes de la Bohème*, with her sister: a study by the French photographer, Nadar

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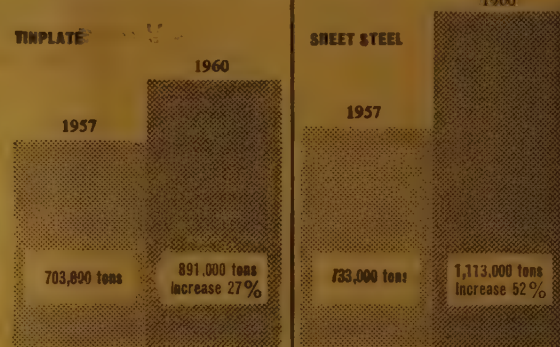
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half-a-century later, into Puccini's opera *La Bohème*. In 1853 the realist novelist Champfleury tried to repeat his friend Murger's success with a book called *Les Aventures de Mlle Mariette*. This novel presented the same milieu as Murger's book and the same characters: Murger and Champfleury and their friends; Lucile Louver, the little flower-girl who was Murger's Mimi and who died of consumption in 1848; and Mariette Roux, the original Musette, who gave her love freely to all the Bohemians, sold it to the bourgeois, and was later drowned in the Mediterranean on her way to Algeria with her hard-earned savings.

Champfleury's book was a failure, and it deserved no better. But the critics, especially those who have never read it, have a habit of describing it as an honest, realistic slice of life, as opposed to what they call Murger's sentimental, rose-coloured picture. This is a travesty of the facts. Champfleury's novel is not particularly honest or notably harrowing: it is just remarkably dull. On the other hand, Murger's story is full of the humour and high jinks with which the Bohemians fortified themselves against the grim realities of life. Not that he disregarded those realities: there is plenty of poverty, sickness, and death in *Scènes de la Bohème*. Yet such is human nature that Murger's readers, right from the start, shut their eyes to the less attractive aspects of the picture he painted, and saw nothing in his Bohemia but gaiety and romance. With the result that young men began flocking to Paris from the provinces and abroad, eager to live the life Murger had described and longing to enjoy the love of a Mimi in some romantic Latin Quarter garret.

They found when they arrived that the centre of Bohemian life had shifted from the Café Momus to the Brasserie des Martyrs, the beer-hall in the Rue des Martyrs which its habitués referred to simply as the Brasserie, just as the ancient Romans called their city Urbs. The Brasserie was described by interested parties as a great hostelry of the intelligence and a haunt of the Muses, but its patrons were not remarkable for their intelligence, and their goddesses, according to a reliable observer, were 'the Green Muse of Absinthe and the Brown Muse of Tobacco'. The fastidious Goncourt brothers, shocked by the physical and intellectual squalor of the Brasserie, fulminated in their *Journal* against what they called 'the boors belonging to the coterie of impotence and insignificance, who sit over a tankard of beer at the wooden tables of the Brasserie, talking about themselves and telling each other their troubles, trying their best to pick up a new five-franc piece or an old idea, while those whom they insult fight and struggle, live and die, wooing their muse in solitude, quiet and hard work'. Murger, said the Goncourts, was the one and only writer of any distinction connected with the place.

Yet if the would-be Bohemian visited the Brasserie in the hope of finding Murger there, he was almost certain to be disappointed. For Murger had become a bourgeois. He had deserted the noisy Brasserie for the fashionable Café Riche. He lived the life of a man-about-town for half the year and a country gentleman for the rest. He produced novels painting Bohemia in the grimiest of colours. He condemned those misguided individuals who 'spent their lives on the fringe of society, in isolation and inertia, practising what they called Art for Art's sake', a doctrine which he said involved 'praising one another to the skies, making no attempt to assist Fortune, which did not even know their address, and waiting for the pedestals to come and place themselves under

their feet'. He wrote prefaces in the Samuel Smiles manner, preaching the gospel of hard work and success, and he practised what he preached. He warned his readers that Bohemia was 'the ante-room to the Academy, the hospital or the morgue', and he pointed out that accommodation in the Academy was limited. In fact, he did everything in his power to break with his Bohemian past and to spare the young the hardships he had suffered.

It was all in vain. When Murger died in 1861, a pillar of the respectable *Revue des Deux-Mondes* and a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, the Government gave him a state funeral, but the mourners were mostly young artists and writers who wanted to do homage to the great Bohemian. And the legend of Bohemia for which he himself was largely responsible snowballed down the years, gathering fresh layers of romanticism from the writings of a Du Maurier in the eighteen-nineties or a Hemingway in the nineteen-twenties.

In spite of Murger's fears, it has done very little harm. The young men who wanted to write wrote; if they were determined to arrive they arrived. They might be inspired by their companions and their surroundings in Paris; they were rarely if ever discouraged by the poverty and discomfort of their apprenticeship in Bohemia. The amateur Bohemians, who were attracted to Paris by the idea of living a life of romantic and not too painful poverty, enjoyed themselves tremendously. They lived for a few months in poky garrets; they drank with genuine artists in noisy taverns; they slept with little grisettes. And when the game began to pall, they went home, as Murger put it, 'to marry their cousins and set up as solicitors in a town of thirty thousand souls where, sitting by the fire in the evening, they boasted of their poverty-stricken artist days with all the exaggeration of travellers describing a tiger-hunt'.

As for those Bohemians whose way of life, like that of the beatniks of our own day, was a self-conscious attitude, a deliberate defiance of bourgeois behaviour and orthodox morality, an assertion of individual artistic values in the face of a materialist society, they grew out of it as they grew older. For as Murger discovered, and all his disciples after him, to grow older is to go bourgeois, and Bohemia is the land of the young.

—Third Programme

The Bonfire

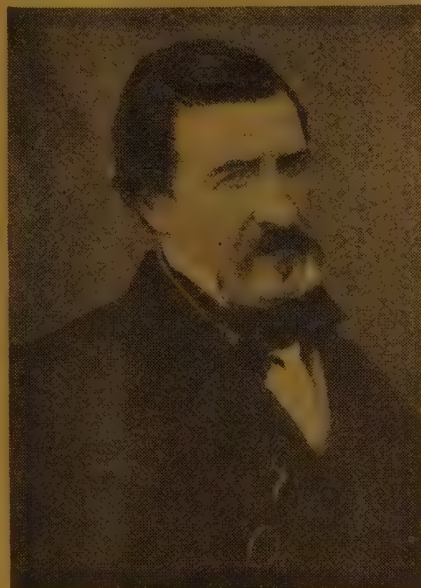
The children loose as flame
Leap round the burning rubbish.
A waterfall on a far hill
Looks hard as a marble column
And still as I, watching
Encased in the multifold
Tumults of what I feel.

But were I up there the water
Would leap down its uncountable
Conduits and veins to brand
Roundness on jagged stone,
Like fire—and I here sluicing
The thrust of my living down
To round my heart to cold.

The children leap and flicker;
My rubbishy living flies
On Icarus wings of aim
To the immediate starlight
Of their million-year-old eyes:
Oh see me for what I am,
It is here we briefly meet.

For I hear the actual fall
Stripping my heart of heat
So slowly I can feel
The pleasure of being free
Flame with nothing to burn.
So lovingly they greet me,
So soon it will be their turn.

PATRIC DICKINSON



Champfleury (1821-89), author of *Les Aventures de Mlle Mariette*

An Experiment in Television Reporting

ROBERT REID on the B.B.C. programme 'Enquiry'

A PART from our own immediate occupations, and also possibly a number of leisure interests, how many of us have any really detailed knowledge of things which may be happening almost on our own doorsteps? How many of us, in fact, are even aware of some of the less-publicized communal problems which can affect the lives of many thousands of people up to a point where national well-being may become involved; or, at the very least, to a point where there is an affront to the social conscience of the nation?

Some problems, of course, are always there, rather vaguely in the background, as things to be regretted, if not completely understood. If they are forced on our attention, and we do manage to give them some serious thought, there are usually questions we would like to ask in an attempt to get at the truth. But truth and hard facts are most difficult things to get at nowadays. One has generally to fight one's way through an almost impenetrable wall of jargon, 'admass' techniques, 'double-talk', and political bromides—and with all the experts piling up more verbal bricks faster than one can pull them down.

Eight years ago Norman Swallow, one of television's most effective documentary producers, worked out a formula for dealing with this problem of high-lighting important social questions on a common-sense, easily understandable basis. There were obviously plenty of subjects to tackle. All that was required to bring them to life as television programmes, likely to attract millions of viewers, was a man-in-the-street, non-expert approach, coupled with intensive research and visual and factual reporting—but with no holds barred.

As a new idea in television journalism, the 'Enquiry' programmes became popular immediately. It turned out that there was a surprising number of people who did not object to having the blanks in their social knowledge filled in in this way; and this even though some of those early programmes (particularly the first one, on Glasgow housing) were uncompromisingly tough, even savage at times, and appeared to produce almost a guilt complex in some viewers.

That was eight years ago. Since then we have produced more than forty of these 'Enquiry' programmes. They have covered a wide range of subjects, mainly domestic, but some of them foreign. We have never embarked upon an enquiry with any preconceived notion beyond the basic assumption that the subject appeared to be worth investigating. Nor have we treated controversy merely as a stunt. What we have tried to do is to uncover and cut through to the heart of a problem by asking the sort of questions we think the average viewer would probably ask if he or she were doing the job.

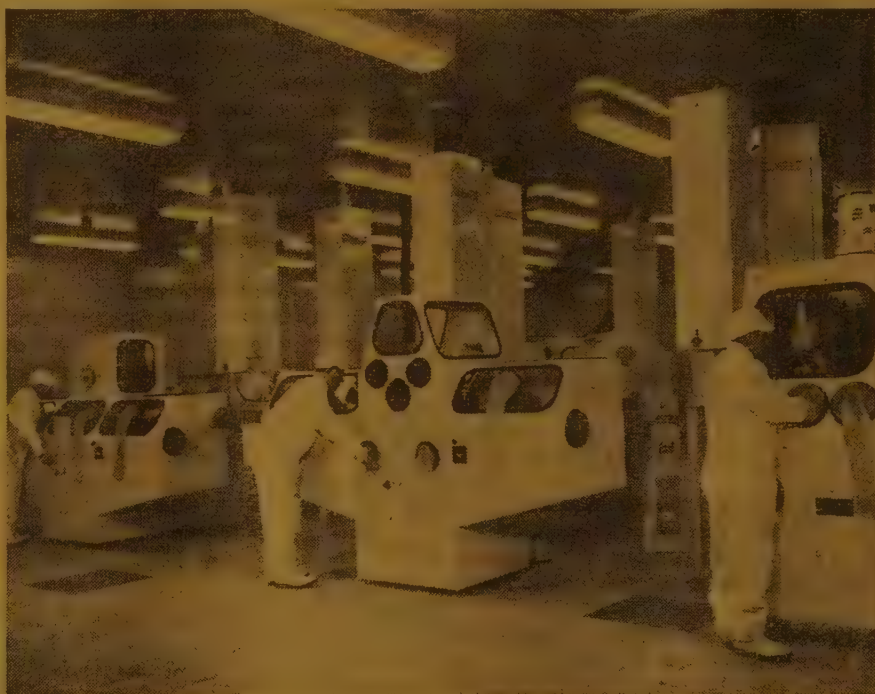
At times we have had to fight various brands of the Establishment, which sometimes prefers to leave things decently covered. Occasionally, from some quarters, there has been a vicious reaction to our probing. After an investigation into the colour question in Birmingham I received a postcard from Notting Hill. It was brief and to the point: 'You and your black friends ought to be put up against a wall and shot'. In a programme dealing with the excellent way in which the National Health Service was being operated in a North-Country industrial town, there were a few 'shots' of local slums which threw up the question of the effect

of environment on health. This produced several angry letters accusing us of having depressed property values in the town. There was even a suggestion to the local council that a virtual censorship should be clamped down on any future tele-visitation.

Against that sort of angry reaction, however, there has been a gratifying, steady response from viewers who have expressed their appreciation of the way in which some of these social problems have been explained to them in any depth, probably for the first time. This is not 'fan' mail: letters like these come from a complete cross-section of the public. Most of them are deeply thoughtful acknowledgments of individual social responsibility towards the community. Occasionally the response has been overwhelmingly emotional. One of our foreign enquiries dealt with the plight of the homeless and neglected children of some of the war-ravaged countries of Europe. This programme was in no way an appeal for money; but for weeks afterwards hundreds of pounds came in in small sums, anything from two-shilling postal orders to pound notes. We also received parcels of clothing, and professional people offered to give up comfortable jobs to help with the rescue and remedial work being done for these children.

On the assumption, however, that there are still many unsolved problems to be straightened up in Britain, the latest 'Enquiry' programmes have concentrated on purely domestic topics. Here, again, we have followed the same well-tried pattern of investigation—intensive research work, direct questioning, and as balanced and fair a summing-up as possible. For me, as the reporter, it has been one of the most stimulating assignments of the whole series. Sometimes we have gone into a subject which has led us along totally unexpected pathways and opened up much wider horizons than we had originally thought of.

The programme on industrial health was a case in point. It began as an investigation into pneumoconiosis, the dust disease which has claimed many thousands of victims in Britain's coal-fields. But the more we saw of this particular problem and the successful way in which it is being tackled, and the more we



A beryllium-machining plant with enclosed machines, and workers wearing protective clothing against the dust given off by the metal: from 'Enquiry 4: Fitness for Work' on November 11

delved into allied dust problems, the more we found ourselves caught up in the whole question of industrial health.

There are 20,000,000 industrial workers in Britain. Two years ago the nation had to foot a bill of £35,000,000 in compensation for injuries and disablement. Last year that figure had jumped to more than £45,000,000. Seventeen million working days were lost to British industry through accidents alone. The toll taken by forty-two listed industrial diseases accounted for another 1,000,000 days. No one would deny that this is a shockingly heavy millstone for British industry to have around its neck halfway through the twentieth century.

In the case of pneumoconiosis, which we set out to investigate in the first place, the coal industry was working on the wrong lines for more than 100 years in its attempts to deal with the dust menace in mines—the wrong lines, that is, from a medical point of view. It was only as recently as the early nineteen-thirties that pathologists in the Welsh National School of Medicine at Cardiff pinpointed the root cause of the trouble.

What are the possibilities of this pattern of error being repeated in industries with new materials and new techniques, and the ever-increasing use, for example, of radio-active materials? Much is being done to counter the dangers of new health hazards but, as the Trades Union Congress has just pointed out in an excellent booklet on the subject of radiation risks, legislation still lags behind knowledge.

In our broader survey of general industrial health, some disquieting facts emerged. There is comparatively little highly specialized study of industrial health as such, even by the medical profession. There are approximately 3,000 doctors engaged, mainly part-time, on industrial health—and this with more than 20,000,000 industrial workers. There are only one or two industrial health schemes, such as the ones at Slough and Harlow New Town, covering groups of factories. These schemes would not be in existence but for substantial financial support from the Nuffield Trust. When we had looked into this subject it was impossible to avoid the conclusion that industrial health should be a national responsibility. Apart from the human aspect of the problem, it would also be an investment to off-set those formidable yearly bills, and lost production time, which must surely be a serious handicap to British industry.

Another subject which developed on rather unexpected lines was the marketing of food. Here we had the housewives in mind. They spend more than £75,000,000 a week on food. Do they receive value for their money? What happens, for example, to the prices of cabbages, or cauliflowers, or lettuce, between the time such produce leaves the farm and the time it arrives on the kitchen table? Those were some of the questions we set out to ask. I cannot say I was satisfied with the answers.

At every point along the distributive chain, there are people who are prepared to strike their breasts in mental anguish and vow they are on the verge of Carey Street. But you rarely get any satisfactory answer when you attempt to find out who is making what out of it. But this particular probe opened up a whole range of new and



'The big self-service shops . . . are multiplying rapidly in most towns and cities': a scene from 'Enquiry 5: Food' on November 18

fascinating points about shopping trends. The fact that so many married women now go out to work is changing the pattern of shopping. The smaller, privately owned establishment is having to compete against the big self-service shops which are multiplying rapidly in most towns and cities because they offer a quick service to the working housewife. She has no time to go shopping in a fairly leisurely way, and in instalments, as her mother did before her. Most women who go out to work have to pack the whole of their week's shopping into the space of an hour or so on a Friday evening or on a Saturday afternoon.

There are also changes in the actual marketing of food. This is also part of the changing social pattern, and linked up to the question of limited time for shopping. My mother's generation would have certainly changed butchers promptly if they had been denied the right to select and personally supervise the cutting of the weekend joint. Their grand-daughters, however, will not need such specialized knowledge. More and more meat will be served up to them pre-packed. Gastronomic considerations apart, it is possible for a member of the older generation to regret the passing of the Sunday-morning kitchen ritual of shelling the peas. Frozen and canned vegetables have put an end to that. Again, it is all a question of time-saving.

There are other changes in British eating habits. The 'broiler' chicken is one of them. Not so very long ago the chicken was a luxury dish for special occasions only. With chemical forcing methods it has become a comparatively cheap rival to the Sunday joint, ready to be thrust into the oven. The 'broiler' is also having some odd side-effects. It threatens to rival that favourite north-country dish, fish and chips. Nowadays, I am told, it is 'barbecued' chicken and chips. But do not expect to get any breast with it. The breasts all go to the expensive restaurants and the banqueting trade; hence the eternal wings and legs that are served up in most of the eating establishments I frequent.

I think one of the most



An engaged couple considering the purchase of a house: from 'Enquiry 2: Housing Standards' on October 21

revealing enquiries we made was into the subject of the standards of house building. For most young couples the decision to build a house is one of the biggest single steps they will ever take in life, apart from marriage itself. The bulk of their savings will be invested in it. Much of the happiness of the first years of their married life will depend on it. But how many couples like that move into a brand-new house and then find that, after a few months, it develops defects which are a source of constant nagging worry, to say nothing of the extra expense caused by trying to right these defects? The trouble is that few people know anything at all about house building, or to whom to turn for advice to safeguard them against the jerry-builder.

Realizing this, we set out to be as informative as possible in this particular enquiry.

The building trade knows that higher standards are necessary. There is now a house builders' registration council which inspects houses during the course of construction. If all is well, and the inspectors are satisfied, a certificate is issued that the house has been built to certain specified standards. This certificate carries with it a guarantee that the builder will repair any defects which may develop within two years of the house being built. We also discussed the advantage—and the safeguards—in employing the services of an architect. Yet the lamentable fact remains that approximately half the houses built privately in Britain this year are not covered by any of the recognized guarantees from the trade or professional organizations.

A much more picturesque subject, but also a deeply interesting one from the human point of view, was the problem of the Scottish Highlands. Britain spends many millions of pounds a year helping underdeveloped countries overseas, yet here, within the confines of the British Isles, we have our own underdeveloped country. North of the Caledonian Canal, there are 9,000,000 almost barren acres, with less than one person to the square mile. In the crowded south there are more than 500 people to the square mile. As towns and cities expand, they bite into more and more farmland which should be providing food. But in the Highlands—so remote from Westminster—we persist in a meagre policy of a little bit here and a little bit there, instead of an imaginative all-out development drive which could surely turn those barren acres into something much more productive nationally.

One of the tragedies is the Highlander, the crofter, who still tries to wrest a living from the soil, with completely inadequate means, a very poor return for his work, and with the despairing knowledge that there will be little to pass on to his sons in the way of a heritage beyond hard, unremitting toil. Small wonder that the younger generation continues to drift away to the towns and cities. It is true there has been the hydro-electricity scheme, but the pay-off there has been more in the way of much-needed amenities than in new industries.

Is it the fate of the Highlands to be regarded as a vast game preserve for the few? Whether it is or is not, I know there is a smouldering resentment against that assumption in many a Highland croft; and on occasion have detected just the faintest whiff of anti-landlordism which could be a reminder of Ireland at the turn of the century.

There is of course the profitable tourist industry. But, again, do we write off the Highlands as nothing more than a romantic picture-postcard country with an economic life of only three or four months out of the year? I discussed this with Lord Boyd Orr, who lives and works experimentally on his own farm, within sight of the Grampians. He agreed that tourism was good up to a point. But I remember the way in which his massive eyebrows then lowered over his craggy face as he added: 'But we don't want all our Highlanders to become waiters'.

One of the odder subjects we have included in the present series—odd in so far as this has been one of the wettest years on record—is the long-term problem of Britain's water supplies. On a day when the pavements of Whitehall were almost awash with

one of the heaviest storms of the summer I talked with Mr. Henry Brooke, the responsible Minister, about this problem of water conservation.

It is a serious problem: it is more than the question of a temporary inconvenience to communities here and there during a drought or a dry spell. Last year it threatened the livelihood of 40,000 work-people on Tees-side where steel and chemical plants came within a few days of being closed down because there was not enough water to keep the plants running. An exceptionally dry year, you may say. Agreed; but they have also had some worrying moments on Tees-side even in this wettest of years. And at Liverpool water



Some of the barren acres north of the Caledonian Canal shown in 'Enquiry 1: The Wild North-west' on October 14

restrictions were in full force this summer at a time when the city was having its heaviest rainfall for eleven years. Unfortunately, the rain was not falling in the right place, which should have been over one of Liverpool's reservoirs in North Wales. Industrially and domestically Britain is using more and more water every year. This does not take into account the demands that are likely to be made in the future for farm irrigation. So far, however, there are few signs that the country as a whole is aware of a problem that could affect future industrial expansion.

The last enquiry of all was on British Railways. As one of their regular customers, who has travelled many thousands of miles while making these programmes, I have protested vigorously more than once about irritating delays, lack of information, and other sins of omission and commission. What is more, I maintain that the railways will never make good—however much they spend on modernization—until members of the travelling public are treated as valuable customers, to be given good, cheerful service. But there is something else I would also like to say. I have spent many days recently talking with railwaymen of all grades. I have watched them at work in signal boxes and operating control rooms. I have gone out on the tracks with them. I have watched the incredibly complex jig-saw puzzle of modernization being fitted together, piece by piece, with as little disruption of the normal service as possible. Although the men I have met have never given a hint of it, I have also sensed the feeling of frustration and uncertainty under which they are labouring until the Government makes up its mind about the size and the type of the railway system we need. And, as I said in the programme, until this fog of uncertainty is cleared away the country is only going to obtain the railway service it deserves.

A Social Survey Comes of Age

By R. J. E. SILVEY, Head of B.B.C. Audience Research

TWENTY-ONE years ago—on December 3, 1939—the B.B.C. launched a social survey, the Survey of Listening, to measure the size of the audience for every broadcast which went out on the air. The need for such information had been increasingly apparent for some time. It had become obvious that the intelligent planning of programmes was limping for lack of information about who was listening to what when. Its absence was as hampering as would be a lack of traffic statistics to a railway, circulation figures to a newspaper, or sale curves to a manufacturer.

The outbreak of war had made the need for such information acute. The black-out and evacuation had washed away the established landmarks of social habit, and the B.B.C.'s own services were drastically curtailed; the National and Regional programmes and the infant television service were gone, being replaced by a single national service under the unfamiliar title 'The B.B.C. Home Service'. In a very real sense the B.B.C. was at sea in this new situation and the navigators had no charts. The Survey of Listening was set up to make good this deficiency, and it has continued to do so ever since.

What made the Survey of Listening unique in broadcasting history was that it set out to obtain much more than a broad general picture of the public's listening habits. It was not content, for example, to discover how many people 'usually' listened at 8 o'clock at night: it insisted upon knowing how many people had listened at 8 o'clock *each* night. This was achieved by organizing what was in effect a separate viable survey every day. The Survey's claim to be the largest operation of its kind in the world thus rests upon the fact that in the last twenty-one years it has 'sampled the population' of this country more than 7,500 times.

For of course 'sampling' was necessary; the task would otherwise have been impossible. That reliable information about a large population can be obtained by the careful study of a tiny fraction of it—properly selected—is nowadays widely accepted, even if to many it still seems something of a mystery. In its early days, when the total number of broadcasts was less than fifty a day, the Survey's job was so straightforward that it could rest upon a daily sample of 800 persons in full confidence that, had a sample many times larger been taken, there was little likelihood that materially different results would have emerged.

The quantity of each day's listening was 'measured' by asking people the following day what they had heard the day before. A routine of questioning was devised which would facilitate 'remembering'; people were encouraged to recall the previous day's events chronologically so that, by linking listening to such things as 'getting up', 'having breakfast', 'going out' or 'coming home', accurate memory of listening would be stimulated by the association of ideas. The questioning was done by part-time paid interviewers, strategically sited to ensure the proper geographical distribution of the sample. In other respects the representativeness of the sample was achieved by stipulating the kinds of people whom the interviewers were required to interrogate.

A glance at some of the early results will revive memories of the winter of the 'phoney war'. Two days after the Survey began it recorded an estimated audience of 34 per cent. of the adult population for ITMA; on December 9, 24 per cent. listened to Raymond Gram Swing's 'American Commentary'; 22 per cent. heard 'Mr. Muddlecombe, J.P.' on December 13; Christmas Eve

found 19 per cent. listening to C. H. Middleton on gardening; and on Christmas Day it was estimated that no less than 66 per cent. of the adult population heard the broadcast by H.M. King George VI. It soon became apparent that this last figure was the 'roof'. Apart from the Royal broadcasts each Christmas Day, the only broadcasts which could reach it—and did so without fail—were the war-time speeches of Sir Winston Churchill.

The subsequent history of the Survey of Listening reflects the changes in the pattern of broadcasting. The beginning of the Forces Programme early in 1940 meant that it had to cope with the problem of alternatives; the listener now could choose between

the Home Service and what was, in effect, a 'light' programme. The reintroduction of regional broadcasting shortly after the end of the war made it necessary to widen the Survey's basis. It was no longer enough to estimate listening in national terms; each region needed its own statistics. As a consequence the daily sample had to be expanded from 800 to 3,600 a day. Later, the provision of another alternative service, the Third Programme, had to be accommodated. With the resurrection of television the Survey of Listening became the Survey of Listening and Viewing, and when commercial television arrived its broadcasts were also covered. The most recent extension of the Survey's scope is the inclusion of children down to the age of five.

Today the Survey of Listening and Viewing involves interviews with 4,000 people each day, or, in the course of a year, with nearly 1,500,000 people. Thirteen hundred interviewers are available, and at any moment 300 of them are actively engaged in gathering the data which, with the aid of an electrical computer, eventually emerge as a complex of audience statistics about each of 150 broadcasts a day.

Although the Survey is a much larger and more complicated operation than it was twenty-one years ago, it still rests upon the principle that the quantity of listening and viewing can be reliably assessed by going direct to the 'consumer' and finding out from him what, if anything, he has heard 'on the wireless' or seen on television 'yesterday'. That the 'consumer' will co-operate is not something which it would be right to take for granted. The plain fact is that without the co-operation of the public the Survey would never have left the drawing board. Yet if there were ever doubts about whether this co-operation would be forthcoming, they were still-born. Unwillingness of people to answer the B.B.C. interviewers' questions has never constituted a serious problem. If much of the credit for this must go to the interviewers, conscientiously applying techniques designed to make the interview at once business-like and interesting, much must also go to the public for its patience and goodwill.

For some aspects of the inquiry must sometimes seem puzzling to the people who are interviewed. 'Here's the B.B.C. wanting to know what I listened to yesterday', a listener might say, 'yet yesterday wasn't an ordinary day for me at all—indeed, I missed some of my favourite programmes'. The truth is, of course, that there must always be some people whose 'yesterday' was abnormal and, if a true picture of the public's behaviour is to be obtained, such people must be properly represented in the sample. Similar reasoning justifies the inclusion in the sample of people whose sets happen to be out of order, or of those who have no sets at all. The Survey is a study of the behaviour of the entire population of which those who, for whatever reason, do not listen or view are an essential element.

Perhaps as puzzling is the interviewer's concentration on what



'It is not advisable to attempt to interview people obviously in a hurry': a cartoon from the B.B.C. Handbook for Interviewers

was listened to or viewed and her failure to ask questions about whether these programmes were 'liked'. 'She asked me if I saw the play last night, but didn't ask me what I thought of it. I could have told her—it was awful'. No, the absence of questions about 'reactions' certainly does not mean that the B.B.C. doesn't care what people think; they are not asked because the Survey is not the most effective way of gathering such information. Other forms of audience research are used to discover whether or not audiences enjoy programmes.

Although interviewers are not required to question people about their likes and dislikes in particular, they do conclude their interviews with a general question designed to elicit the informant's satisfaction with B.B.C. broadcasting as a whole. The answers are quantified and form the basis for what is known as a satisfaction index. During the war, these satisfaction indices fluctuated considerably—even mysteriously—for the most careful study failed to reveal any close association between these fluctuations in 'satisfaction' and changes in the nature of programme output. The mystery was solved, however, when the 'satisfaction curve' was annotated with the main news of the day, for then it became apparent that it was when the news was depressing that the curve dipped; a fact which recalled the Eastern potentate who made a practice of decapitating the man who brought the bad news.

With the end of the war this 'halo' effect abruptly ceased; the 'satisfaction index' settled down to a steady level, so steady in fact that ever since the least change has been remarkable. It was, therefore, all the more startling when, on one single day in 1949, it suddenly leapt upwards, to return to normal immediately afterwards. Why, on that single isolated Monday, should criticism of B.B.C. output be stilled? The answer was that the night before had brought the announcement of the sudden death of Tommy Handley, the man who above all others had made the nation laugh through the years when there had been precious little to laugh about.

Changes in Tastes and Habits

The Survey's measurement of the quantity of listening and viewing over the last twenty-one years has reflected a number of changes in tastes and habits. During the war the outstanding characteristic of the Survey's findings was the public's insatiable appetite for the news. Each day's 'listening curve' showed peaks for every bulletin—the highest of all at 9.0 p.m. Not that audiences for other types of broadcasting were anything but immense. The statistics clearly revealed that listening to broadcasting was at this time the predominant way of spending leisure, but the news was the lodestone. After V.E.-Day there was a dramatic change; over-night the news lost its compulsive quality. Where previously it was a case of 'switching on for the news', it now became common to 'keep the set on for the news'—if it happened to be 'on'. During the war a broadcast which followed a news bulletin was thereby guaranteed a 'ready-made' audience, but once the war was over the tables were turned, the audience for a news bulletin tending to depend upon the number of people who had been listening to the programme which preceded it. The tide was on the ebb in other ways, too. With the gradual restoration of peace-time social life, audiences for broadcasting tended to contract—it would be tempting to say to a 'normal' level, but this is conjecture, for the Survey did not exist in pre-war years.

Though the Television Service was reopened in 1946 it was several years before the number of viewers was large enough to make noticeable inroads upon the audiences for 'sound'. Nevertheless the writing on the wall was unmistakable. Study of the behaviour of those who had acquired television sets showed that, when television programmes were being broadcast, 'listening' was almost completely replaced by 'viewing'. Nor was this merely a temporary phenomenon; even after the television set had ceased to be a novelty this changed pattern of behaviour was preserved. This meant that, as television transmission hours increased and as more and more 'listeners' became 'viewers', sound broadcasting's audiences would fall.

But this did not mean that 'steam radio' was 'finished'; that television had killed it as the 'talkies' had killed the silent film. If the days of sound broadcasting's role as the chief provider of

mass evening entertainment were numbered, its other roles remained and would even expand. 'Sound' had advantages over television during the daytime; it could cater for minority needs in the evening; and the coming of the portable transistor set and the car-radio would widen its field.

Time has shown this to be so. Today, when eight out of ten people have television, hardly any have no 'wireless set'; 25,000,000 people listen to 'something on sound' every day, while those who are as yet without television continue to listen in large numbers in the evening.

Spectacular Increase in Viewing

As everyone knows, there has been a spectacular increase in viewing in recent years. What is less well known is that this is mainly because more people view rather than because people view more. The most recent extension of evening programme hours—when the 6.0-7.0 p.m. 'gap', the so-called 'toddler's truce', was closed—lengthened evening television programme hours by about 25 per cent. But the Survey showed that it led to an increase of only 12½ per cent. in the time which the average viewer spent in watching in the evening. In short, the viewer's response to this extension was as often to spread his viewing as to increase it. Similarly, when commercial television was made available to him, the average viewer did not view any more than he had previously done, he simply divided between two services the time he had hitherto devoted to viewing one.

As is natural, when people are offered a choice of services, most of them seek out the kinds of programme which appeal to them. Whether the viewer's tastes run to Westerns, comedy series and 'quizzes' or to more 'serious' programmes, he tends to look for the programmes he likes and to view them whether they happen to be broadcast by B.B.C. Television or Independent Television. The inevitable result is that the availability of two television services much reduces the catholicity of viewing. In the days when the B.B.C. Television Service was all that could be seen, the diet of the average viewer was far more varied than it is today. Then, rather than switch off, which he was reluctant to do, he frequently viewed—and often came to appreciate—programmes which he would at first have said were not his 'cup of tea'; now he can avoid them by a turn of the knob. (The same thing happened in 1940 when, with the introduction of the Forces Programme, people were offered an alternative to the B.B.C. Home Service for the first time since the outbreak of the war.)

Has the Survey served the best interests of broadcasting? Would it have been better if the B.B.C. had taken no steps to find out the number of its listeners and viewers? There are those who regarded the Survey of Listening's institution as unfortunate, if not disastrous, arguing that it would lead the B.B.C. into a slavish deference to mere numbers to the detriment of quality. Others maintained that the effect of the Survey's findings would be to bring the B.B.C. out of its ivory tower and nearer to the man in the street—which, they said, was where it should be.

An Exploded Notion

Such an argument can be endless, but it should at least take cognizance of all the relevant facts. Two examples will suffice. First, there is the fact that the measurement of audience size does not stand alone. It is complemented by an equally elaborate system for assessing audience reaction, as a result of which the naïve notion that 'the bigger the audience the more popular the programme' has long been exploded. The second fact is the B.B.C.'s own record. Had there indeed been a 'slavish deference to mere numbers' B.B.C. programmes would be very different from what they are. There would certainly be no Third Programme, no Network Three, and precious little 'serious' material in any service. In the B.B.C. Television Service there would be far more Westerns, much more crime, and plenty of give-away 'quizzes'.

If the ways in which, and the extent to which, the 'box office' should influence policy is open to argument, there can surely be no case for attempting to evade the issue by refusing to collect the relevant facts and look them full in the face.

Round the London Art Galleries

By KEITH SUTTON

GUTTUSO is a Social Realist. His pictures and drawings at McRoberts Tunnard show he is the genuine active example of his kind, perhaps the only one who retains a tolerable reputation in England—and that probably for reasons of an 'it can't happen here' nature. We can admire the virility of Guttuso without listening to what he says. He paints and draws only things which are active in themselves or are suggestive of action or which he himself can activate. His men are deciding issues, his women are getting ready for bed; he paints a basket or a cup as though they held the bread and drink of life—which for him they do. Yet in giving so much crackling energy to inanimate objects, the canes of the basket, the folds of a curtain, he draws off some of the power of innate human gesture and above all the compulsion of the expressive human face. He may find sermons in ashtrays but his figures become shrouded in the pictorial rhetoric of the clothes they wear.

The kind of realism which makes use of a local accent, far from engaging the listener more closely and intimately, can distance the world enacted by making it sound picturesque. If the regional dialect in a play is all that distinguishes it from a dozen such others then we are left only with the attitude the characters have to themselves. While there may be no exact parallel in painting, there is evidently enough geographical or sociological stress in the anthology of paintings at the Crane-Kalman Gallery for them to be collectively titled 'Mood of the North'. Although the word 'mood' is wisely chosen, there is a tendency in these pictures to use forms for their literal associations—dark silhouettes of the environment and figures which take part in communal rituals whether they are isolated or grouped together. Painters of northern topography often use the sky as a neutral grey or palette-knife scumbled screen which emphasizes the shape and solidity of what is beneath. In general they ignore the other aspects of the sky; it is looked at, not in anger, but as if it were inevitable, a detergent effluent engaged in the hopeless task of washing away the grime below.

Two or three of Sheila Fell's pictures in this exhibition show that it is possible to dramatize landscape, even to include a flicker of fantasy, without losing the local identity of the Cumberland hills. Her clouds charge themselves with power from the permanent mountain tops; her houses draw organic action from the once-moving crust of the earth. But her admiration for a primitive nature isn't weakened by simple primitive aesthetics; she takes fluent chances with her brush and is in no doubt about the degree of sophistication her work involves.

Arthur Berry's five gouaches also loom out of the surrounding pictures with a sense of personal urgency, a feeling that they just had to be done. He has come up close to his figures, almost inside their focal range, and has tried to batten down something of their presence with a flurry of urgent brush strokes. Nevertheless these pictures are more sophisticated than they might appear at first

glance. The size and disposition of the features of the face are clues enough to general class and occupation. The ragged brushmarks draw in their own associations of rude vigour as well as a certain fashionable displacement of finesse. The pictures are as much signs of a particular cultural attitude as they are of a particular society, but they are first of all compelling images and the promise of an interesting artist.

The topography of the Scottish border country, the concern of William Johnstone's water-colours at the Reid Gallery, is rendered with a finesse which springs from a life-long love for and observation of nature. They are the briefest but most expansive of gestures; they have the penetrating quality of the remarks of an intimate. One could scarcely find more suggested by less this side of oriental art or the calligraphic switches of Rembrandt. But it would be unfair to make a direct comparison, for Mr. Johnstone is involved neither in symbolism nor in a macrocosmic view. A rich professional teaching life has enabled him to pace his talent with slow deliberation to the point where assurance does not have to rely on rhetoric. True, in his paintings there is still a hint of professional reticence, of not gambling against the odds, but in the water-colours he achieves the freedom which marks a possessive artist.

Artists born in the sun seem to take light for granted. They may enjoy it, use it, glorify it, but they don't have to strain after it. At any rate non-figurative artists can often be traced latitudinally through their canvases. The recent paintings at the Paris Gallery by Nejad, born in Istanbul, have objective titles which refer to Samarkand, Paris, China,

Russia, and so on, but the exuberant light in the paint all comes from the same source. Patrick Heron, showing his recent canvases at the Waddington, was born in Leeds and has lived a large part of his life in Cornwall. Though one can describe his intentions in his abstract pictures as being tonal rather than directly luminous, one cannot help feeling from the colours he uses and the way he applies them that he is struggling for an internal luminosity. I find that they look well in bright light but that they do not give it off. The tonal relationships of the colour and the scale on which some of them are carried out imply a particular management of space which Rothko, for one, comprehends. This too I find has the opposite effect from embracing me—it recedes from one's grasp the more one pays attention to the actual forms and colours used. Part of the strength of an abstract art is that it stems directly from an emotional source and that it erects the framework of its unique premiss within each work. If it does not do this it becomes open to interpretation upon the levels of general cultural taste. If the artist compromises with society's opinion of what he is doing he will begin to reflect rather than assert, producing taste fetishes with minor personal inflexions.

Paul Klee Drawings, by Will Grohmann (Thames and Hudson, £4 4s.), contains over 100 plates as well as reproductions in the text.



'Mother and Child': gouache by Arthur Berry, from the exhibition at the Crane-Kalman Gallery

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Science, Poetry, and the Incarnation

What Does it Mean to be Human?

The first of four talks for Advent by KENNETH BARNES

I AM going to put an entirely personal point of view; I shall not claim to represent any section of the Church, not even my own. It is the point of view of one who is passionately a Christian in intention, however inadequately in practice. But I am committed to no creed, no doctrine. My religious community, the Society of Friends, asks me only this: that I should be whole-heartedly committed to the search for God and for Truth—to a search, not a statement. In the statement of what I discover I am nominally as free as the scientist in his laboratory. I said nominally; but how free in fact am I? We are all, in some measure, guided by our tradition, conditioned by the world and the community in which we live. Can we become free to see for ourselves, and not as church or state, or school or family would like us to see?

Jesus as a Man

I am going to start from ordinary experience, not from doctrine or theology. I shall start from Jesus as a man. The world needs his spirit and message as much as ever it did; but it needs to know him as the men of his own day first knew him. We must in some measure repeat their experience if we are to be as inspired as they were. We must put aside the centuries. We must put aside all the weight of learning and doctrine that has accumulated in 2,000 years. In any department of human activity, to make a new leap forward in understanding we have always to do this kind of thing: disengage our minds so that we can see what we are thinking about as though we had never seen it before, so that we can be refreshed by its full impact. I hope to show how Jesus himself did this, and how near he comes to the poet and the scientist.

We have to put aside all the graven images we have made of Christ; they may be quite unlike him. Also the sentimental pictures and the pious poetry. Forget the religious clichés, the words and phrases that have rolled too easily off the tongues of preachers for centuries. For me there is only one source and one authority in Christianity: the Jesus who looked on men and loved them.

To emphasize the need for a return to the source, let me point out where Christianity has gone wrong, at any rate as I see it. There is the obvious evil that the militant atheist is quick to mention—the way millions of people were tortured, burnt, and slaughtered in century after century of conflict, waged in the name of Christ. We may reply that this is all far in the past. But its worst legacy was only recently with us and ought still to be on our conscience: the murder of 6,000,000 Jews in Nazi Germany. We cannot slough off responsibility for this. The connexion was clearly pointed out a year ago in a leading article in *The Observer*:

The Christian Churches have some part of the historic blame for the worst crime that has ever been committed; . . . That huge act of murder could never have been carried out had Christians not for centuries previously suspected, mocked, and tormented Jews.

Religion Saturated in Pride

What was it in Christianity that made possible such an appalling repudiation of the way of love? I want to suggest pride. Religion always demands humility from the individual worshipper; but collectively, in its organization and in the effect of its pronouncements, it is saturated in pride. The pride that the individual renounces becomes concentrated and magnified in his Church. In its feed-back it may result in a terrible conviction of utter rightness that becomes, in extremes, a licence to murder. The contradiction in the Christian Church is the more serious because it makes pride a deadly sin. This conviction of 'rightness' is

the worst enemy of religious unity and action, and more than anything it stands in the way of the experience of being 'born again'.

The next evil is the dualism that penetrated Christianity. It split life in two. We all of us find it convenient to talk about experience from two points of view—the material and the spiritual. We think of the matter of which the world is made. We think also of the feelings and motives that we put into our actions, the 'spirit' in which we act. But our experience is of action; it is what we do that counts; and it should be possible for us to recognize that the words 'matter' and 'spirit' are mere conveniences of thought, enabling us to reflect on our actions and modify them. But under Greek influence men began to think of an entirely independent spiritual world where truth existed on its own, independent of matter.

The dualist influence encouraged Christians to think of earthly life as a mere preparation for heaven, the spirit being unwillingly imprisoned in the body; and to think of the good life as the accumulation of virtues approved by intellect and reason. This attitude has destructive effects. Pietism came to count more than social welfare and social justice, poverty to be a matter for charity, not prevention. Hypocrisy became as rife in the Church as it had been among the Pharisees. Salvation became a matter of the correct intellectual formula and ritual. Meanwhile God looked down on an unhappy world from the empyrean Heaven. This was a far cry from the wholesome attitude of the Jewish people, for whom a bush could be on fire with the presence of God, and his neighbour's landmark and his personal hygiene were intimately His concern.

The Church and Women

This splitting of experience—a sort of collective schizophrenia—was specially disastrous in the relations between men and women. Jesus was more concerned with human relationships than with anything else; but for 1,500 years there was hardly any understanding in the Church of the most creative, illuminating, and tender of all human relationships. For the greater part of the Christian era a pious adoration of one woman—the Mother of Christ—was combined with a deplorable attitude to women in general: inferior to men, a distraction from the spiritual life, a sexual temptation, and even the best of them not fit to be ministers of the gospel. Women were given a grudging reverence in motherhood and despised in nearly everything else, unless they renounced their sexuality and became nuns.

The early Fathers of the Church feared their own sexuality and hated their bodies. For many centuries churchmen thought of sexual activity as a necessarily polluted experience, unavoidably touched with sin by the Fall of Man. Marriage was a concession to man's animal nature and celibacy a virtue. The legacy of this is still with us; for right through Christianity, perhaps in every sect, there lingers the implication that God would have been smirched by an ordinary conception. The history of the Church's struggle with sexuality is a tragic one, and there is little in its thought about it that can be honestly related to anything that Jesus ever said. Sex can be a most disruptive force, and only a fool would believe that it can be dealt with in a simple naturalistic way; but it might rightly be argued that much of what Christianity has said and done about it has produced a split mind, has made vice more vicious, and interfered with human relationship at its deepest.

The third evil in this brief account concerns the idea of sin. Jesus found himself in sharp conflict with the Pharisees, the sin-hunters of his time. Their concept of right conduct had hardened into a rigid pattern, so that an ordinary man could not live his life without feeling steeped in sin. Jesus stood for an approach to human behaviour quite different from that of the people who



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were concerned with hunting out other people's sins. He was concerned not with trivial sins but with the evil at the heart of society. Yet the Church by and large has thought it sufficient to add the hope of redemption to the pre-Christian pattern. It has strained at gnats while swallowing camels. The loving, generous and tender message of Jesus has often been lost in mean-minded niggling.

The final part of this preparation for my picture of the Jesus of history concerns more closely the idea of Incarnation. This doctrine asserts that in Jesus God appeared not merely in human form but as a human *being*. The small remaining monophysite Church believes that Jesus was human in *form* only, and that his suffering was not real; only a gesture. But most Christians accept—at least in theory—that Jesus was in the full sense a man. I said in theory, because I do not think many people accept it fully in fact. What I think we do is this: we have certain ideas about what God is like. We cannot be sure where we get these ideas from; they may not all of them be Christian in origin. But we then say that in his life Jesus expressed these ideas: he was loving, merciful, forgiving, patient, and so on. Now this is not being human. Being human is not just a matter of expressing virtues and living up to ideals. Think of someone you love whose humanity matters deeply to you. You will at once realize that being human is much, much more than just expressing virtues and living up to ideals.

If we really mean that God became a human being, we must think, before we go any further, what it is to be human. What are the experiences that are inescapably human? Pain and suffering most certainly; and temptation. It is human to love and to enjoy; but the other side of love is hate and repudiation. Every child grows up through this conflict of feeling and reaches maturity only in so far as he comes to terms with it—comes to terms with the dark side of his nature. It is human to make mistakes, and to know what it is to involve others in our mistakes. It is human to learn through trial and error, to achieve wisdom painfully and slowly; to be ignorant and to be humbled by

experience; at times to be bewildered by the complexity of life and distressed by one's own inadequacy. It is human to have to face the future with deep uncertainty, to be unable to see very far ahead, to have to take action without knowing what the consequences will be. It is human to hurt and be hurt and to have to make of both these something redemptive. No one who has not had these experiences knows fully what it is to be human or has really shared man's life.

There is more to be said—about the need for relationship. The human baby is the most responsive being in the whole of creation. What it becomes depends largely on what its parents make of that responsiveness. To be human is to be deeply dependent on parents, not only for birth but for the experience of love, the development of sensitiveness, eagerness, generosity, confidence, and awareness of the world.

At this time of the year we are expected to remember especially the childhood of Jesus. But *how* do we think of it and of his parents? Hundreds of thousands of Christmas cards will go out with a Madonna in some form on them—Mary the mother of Jesus, with a halo. This leaves me disturbed and dissatisfied. They are all stereotypes, endlessly copied, serving only to arouse pietism and sentiment—no questioning, no understanding. With how much insight is Mary worshipped and adored? Do we think of her only as a vehicle, one who devoutly submitted to her function? I would say rather she was the mother of a deeply loved and cherished human son, of immense significance as a person in enabling Jesus to discover his mission, to face the world as he did?

And what of Joseph? Where did Jesus get his feeling about fatherhood if not from him? Yet throughout the whole of Christianity he has been represented as a simple, bewildered, working man. Conventional Christianity, tied to the supernatural, neglects Joseph and Mary as the educators of Jesus.

I have briefly described what it is to be human in nature and in growth. If this is true, can we accept that Jesus was wholly human?—*Home Service*

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Dry Rot and Redbrick

Sir,—Many students at provincial universities will probably applaud Mr. A. P. Rowe's remorseless excavation of the dry rot beneath the academic fabric (THE LISTENER, November 24). And some at least of their teachers may, like myself, agree that the cult of research deflects us from even an adequate pursuit of the education and welfare of our pupils. But can one cure dry rot only by demolishing the house which it infests and building three new houses instead? Mr. Rowe would seem to think so: having spotted the symptoms, he has simply (to change the metaphor) ordered a new body.

He sees the heart of the trouble in the 'egalitarianism' of the provincial universities. But he might try talking to some university lecturers: to them 'egalitarianism' is not a very prominent feature of the academic landscape. Where there really is equality among teachers, at Oxford and Cambridge, the students receive much more continuous and devoted attention than at Redbrick.

In a short space one can hardly do more than sketch out an alternative analysis. First, the present hierarchy of authority excludes most dons from full participation in university affairs; and this exclusion leads them to withdraw their interests from teaching activities into the private world of research, where they have freedom and independence. Second, every don at Redbrick wants the rewards and responsibility which promotion alone can bring; and promotion depends (or is thought to depend) upon published work. So even those who most care about teaching feel that they are damaging their own careers if they press its importance too strongly or spend too much time upon it.

Reduce the inequalities in the present structure, reward men for their ability in teaching as well as in research, and you may have some chance of bringing teaching back into its proper place.

Carve up the universities into separate divisions, impose rule by an autocratic junta upon the heads of departments, and you will achieve nothing more than angry resistance or demoralized resignations from the profession.—Yours, etc.

Bramhall

PENRY WILLIAMS

Sir,—May I, as a young university teacher working in a red-brick university, be allowed to support Mr. A. P. Rowe's plea that the great masses of fairly mediocre students who find their way into our universities should be efficiently taught. Such teaching—I would maintain—requires a complete and intimate contact with the latest development of sciences and arts, and should be unhampered by any interference at any level, otherwise the mediocre will remain mediocre. Many people trace the apparent qualities of our students either to their backgrounds or to their inferior mental capacities. This is by no means certain. Perhaps, in some measure at least, the pre-university training is at fault.

Mr. Rowe, possibly rightly, suggests that the claim that teaching and research are inseparable is bogus. However, in science in particular, *university teaching* and research are inseparable. There may be a few 'men with teaching in their bones' and a few brilliant research workers who don't have to communicate their ideas except within the confines of research institutes; a majority of staff are kept agile by pursuing research and by trying to impart some of their findings to students.

There are many faults to be found in our universities and many to be corrected, but it is not likely that this can be done by either appointing authoritative big brothers or by letting the dumb to air their views. Were this to happen we all would find ourselves suffocating under the heavy burden of organized Cinderellas, Caesars, dry rot, passers-by, pentecostal gifts, intellectual cream

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Liverpool, 8

NICHOLAS RAST

Sir,—Mr. A. P. Rowe foresees that 'there would . . . be cries about academic freedom' if his plans for the redbrick university were adopted. There would indeed, and justifiably. His notion of putting executive authority into 'the hands of a very few able and experienced academic men' is a naively disguised, but sinister, plea for authoritarianism. His notion of a body qualified 'to foster worth-while research and eliminate the trivial' is sinister and comically naïve. And his whole notion of 'research' itself is vulgarly naïve and sinister.

Since you do not feature the author of 'Dry Rot and Redbrick' in your 'Notes on Contributors', I am reduced to wondering aloud in what academic institution he taught and did research in the course of acquiring his notions.

Yours, etc.,

Swansea

KINGSLEY AMIS

[We apologize for the fact that Mr. Rowe was omitted from our 'Notes on Contributors'. He was Vice-Chancellor of Adelaide University from 1948-58 and is the author of 'One Story of Radar'.—EDITOR, THE LISTENER]

Art and Anarchy

Sir,—Professor Wind certainly hits the nail on the head when he speaks of modern art being marginal in our lives owing to the dehumanizing of artistic perception (THE LISTENER, November 24). Macaulay once said of poetry, that as civilization advances, it almost necessarily declines. This is not only true of one kind of aesthetic activity; it applies equally to art and music. The cause is obvious. Having portrayed every kind of nuance in the realm of man and nature, mainly by representational methods, what, in this over-mechanized world, is there left for the artist but to create a world of detachment and 'otherness' divorced from human associations?

I am only a layman, but while sympathetic to the general artistic dilemma, find modern art a series of culs-de-sac, which enter too lightly into the realities of present-day living. Indeed, art is now considered only of value in so far as it absorbs, and is absorbed by the transitory stunts of the age. I would now much rather visit a photographic than an art exhibition, for the former, at least, does lead me into a comprehensible world which I can fully enter and enjoy. For it is not too circumscribed by the limitations of exploratory minds who so often embrace obscurities and puerilities of little significance.

But the important phrase in Professor Wind's second lecture is his declaration that if art is to play a more central part in our lives, our lives will have to change. Worded like an announcement from an old-time evangelist, does not this statement touch on the crux of the matter? How can art leave its marginal position in an age where there are no dynamic or compelling beliefs—when principles of conduct and ways of living are so disintegrated and dispersed?—Yours, etc.,

Leicester

GEORGE A. MORLEY

Sir,—I wonder whether your correspondent, Mr. Thomas Gardner, has not misinterpreted Professor Wind's comments on Plato's 'sacred fear' (THE LISTENER, November 17). Surely, what Plato meant was the sacred fear of the power of imagination over art, but not—as your correspondent maintains—the power of art over the imagination.

As to Mr. Gardner's assertion that 'the immunity to art' applies only to older and outdated art forms I would suggest that in former times art was allied to religion while nowadays it is allied to the entertainment industry.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.2

MARIANNE ROVER

Power with Responsibility

Sir,—I have been abroad for the past three weeks or would have replied sooner to the four questions which Professor Titmuss put to me in THE LISTENER of November 10.

(a) A figure is not available for the number of workers who lose their pension expectations through unemployment, change of job, etc., but whether it is small or large, the responsibility for such loss does not usually rest with the life assurance companies.

The benefits under a staff pension fund are a matter between the employer and his employees. When the Government Actuary

made a survey in 1957 of occupational pension funds, he estimated that there were about 40,000 such funds covering over 4,000,000 employees. In the case of about half of these employees the pension scheme benefits were provided by means of insurance contracts: for these employees only, therefore, there was a third party, namely an insurance company, brought into the pension arrangements, but the final say in the wording of the rules and the benefits provided was with the employer. It is known that many schemes provide that in lieu of taking his own contributions in cash an employee leaving service may have a preserved pension of an amount secured by both his own and his employer's contributions. If he elects to take a cash payment he deliberately sacrifices the benefit of the contributions which the employer has made on his behalf. It may be noted that the Pensions Officer of the Unilever Pension Fund reported that in these circumstances 95 per cent. of their male work's staff who left their service voluntarily took the cash instead of the pension.

(b) As for the number of insurance employees who have complete vesting rights to their pensions, the answer is probably none, although I can only speak definitely for the U.K. Provident Institution. Its staffs scheme, which is non-contributory, provides for preservation at the discretion of the Trustees and Board after ten years' pensionable service has been completed. Since we added this feature to our scheme in 1958 every employee in this category who has left us has been afforded a preserved pension.

(c) Again, I can only answer the question, 'How many people are rejected or rated as sub-standard for life and pension purposes?' in terms of my own experience. About one per cent. of the proposals submitted to my particular life office are declined; between six and seven per cent. are accepted on special terms.

(d) No general statistics are available on the question of policies for coloured people. My Institution has for many years insured persons born abroad as well as in the United Kingdom. Racial factors may affect the expectation of life and hence the terms we can offer, but colour prejudice plays no part in this matter.

Elsewhere in his letter Professor Titmuss suggests that certain provisions of the Government's new Bill to amend the Trustees' Act should be applied to insurance companies. The bill does not implement the suggestion in the White Paper that investment in any one share should be limited to a particular fraction or sum, but in any event, to prescribe rigid measurements for institutional investments would, I submit, be against the public interest, by restricting the capital available to industry in a quite impracticable way.—Yours, etc.,

London, E.C.3

JOHN BENN

'Enquiry'

Sir,—I noted with interest Mr. Pound's criticism (THE LISTENER, November 24) of my interviewing technique in the 'Enquiry' programme on food marketing. I should like to make it clear immediately that we never allow an 'interviewee' to dictate the questions to be asked. On the other hand, as a matter of fairness, we do discuss the questions briefly in advance, especially if the person to be interviewed is nervous.

As for the replies, we have always worked on what is regarded as a reasonable assumption that any evasiveness, or half-truths, or other weaknesses would be clearly apparent to our viewers, without the reporter having to point it still further by pressing more questions which would turn the programme into a debate. In any case most of the 'Enquiry' programmes end with an editorial summing-up. It is admittedly a broad one but we do endeavour to take into account all the detail which has emerged during the programme, and which must help to shape the final judgment.

There is another point to bear in mind. An 'Enquiry' programme is not an inquisition. On the specific issue of food prices, for example, I am sure I was not expected to demand that a wholesaler or retailer should throw open their private books for my inspection (which would be the only satisfactory way of getting at the facts). On this point Mr. Pound gave me credit for not being satisfied with the answers. What he appears to have overlooked was the fact that we immediately got round the matter another way with a follow-up interview which produced some important relevant information about unpublished figures in the possession of the Government.—Yours, etc.,

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lay water mains, build buildings;
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B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

November 23-29

Wednesday, November 23

Claim by Confederation of Shipbuilding and Engineering Unions for an increase of £1 a week is rejected by employers. Offer by employers of increases ranging from 5s. 6d. to 7s. is rejected by unions

West Germany turns down American request for help in upkeep of United States troops in Germany

Mr. Anthony Wedgwood Benn, heir to Lord Stansgate who died last week, starts an attempt to renounce his title and remain a commoner

Thursday, November 24

Interim report by the Royal Commission on the Police recommends increases in pay for the Force

Ford Motor Company put 18,000 men on short time

Friday, November 25

Sir Roy Welensky, Prime Minister of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, arrives in London for talks on the Rhodesian Federal constitution

The Chancellor of the Exchequer has talks in London with Mr. Robert Anderson, Secretary of the U.S. Treasury, and Mr. Douglas Dillon, U.S. Under-Secretary of State for Economic Affairs

Saturday, November 26

Sir Edgar Whitehead, Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia, and Dr. Hastings Banda, the Nyasaland nationalist leader, arrive in London for the Rhodesian constitutional talks

Heavy rain causes more flooding in many parts of Britain and the cancellation of a number of sporting events

Sunday, November 27

Crowds greet President Kasavubu in Leopoldville on his return from New York where his delegation received recognition by the United Nations

Dr. Alphaeus Zulu is consecrated in Cape Town as the first African bishop of the Anglican Church in South Africa

Monday, November 28

Seven large finance companies decide to set up a nation-wide information service on customers to protect hire-purchase firms against bad debts

A committee, appointed by the Ministry of Labour to inquire into the recent strike of London tally-clerks, condemns the strike as 'wanton and irresponsible'

Tuesday, November 29

A Nigerian contingent of the U.N. forces in the Congo is ambushed by Baluba tribesmen

A petition presented to the House of Commons on behalf of Mr. Anthony Wedgwood Benn is referred to the Committee of Privileges



Dr. Geoffrey Fisher, Archbishop of Canterbury, with the Greek Orthodox Patriarch (right) and the Armenian Patriarch of Jerusalem (left) in St. George's Cathedral, Jerusalem, last week. The Archbishop, who spent five days in the city, said in a sermon which he preached in the Cathedral last Sunday, that 'a wind of fellowship in Christ was now blowing through the churches'. He is due to arrive in Rome today, where he will pay a courtesy visit to the Pope



The new parish church of St. George at Stevenage New Town, Hertfordshire, which was dedicated by the Bishop of St. Albans on November 27; the service was attended by the Queen Mother

Mr. Harold Macmillan with the Queen Mother on the Un... for talks with Italian... Home



Queen Elizabeth II and the Queen Mother on November 22.



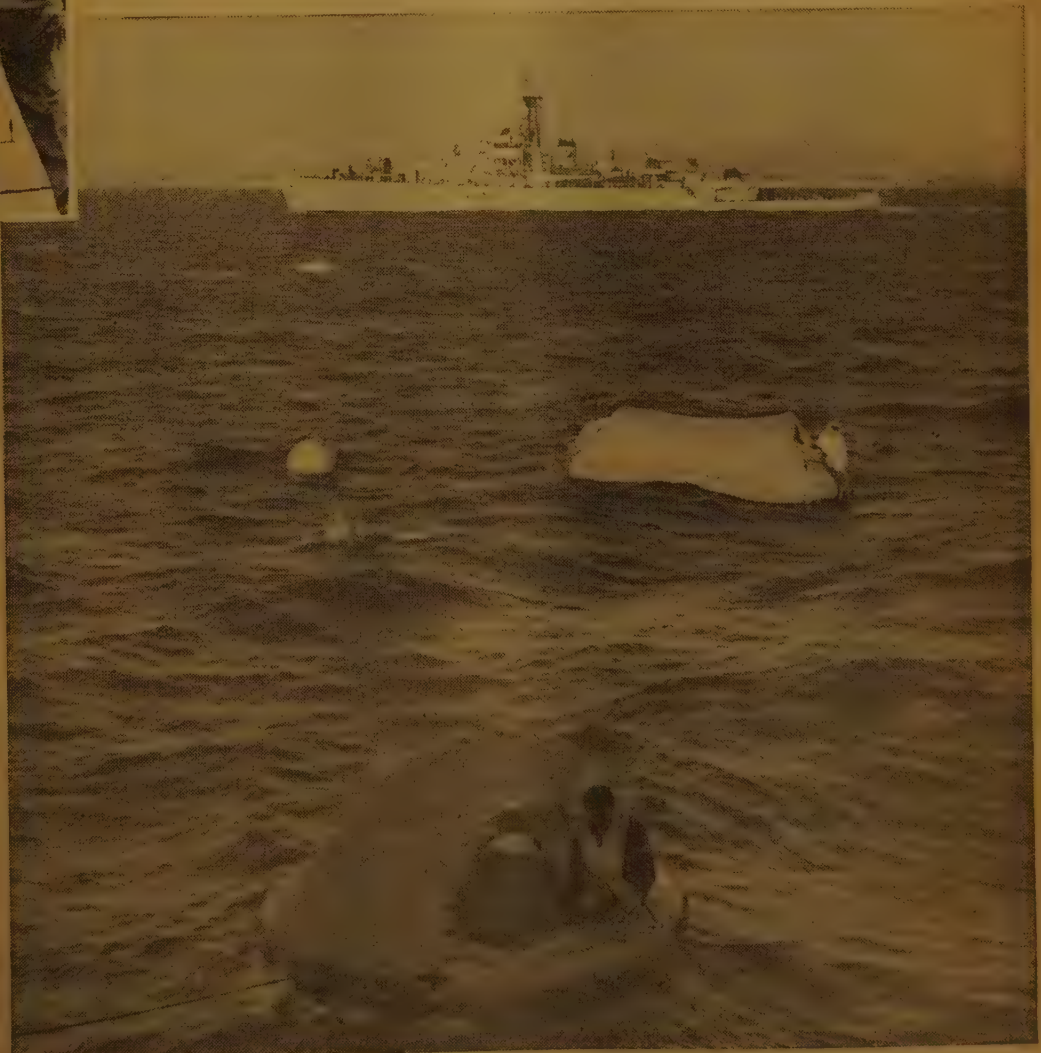
Leaving the Victor Emmanuel II monument after laying a Warrior's tomb during his visit to Rome early last week government leaders. Mr. Macmillan was accompanied by Lord Foreign Secretary, who is seen behind (centre)



Queen Mother opened the new Holborn Central Library on Majesty is seen talking to schoolgirls in the junior section



A recent demonstration in Leopoldville against the proposal by the United Nations to send a conciliation commission to the Congo. President Kasavubu, who has now been recognized by the United Nations, said last weekend that he had withdrawn his earlier objections to the United Nations' plans for conciliation between political leaders in the Congo



A photograph taken last week during survival trials carried out by the Royal Navy off Portland, Dorset. After jumping overboard from a mine-layer (seen in the background) volunteers swam out to inflatable rafts where they remained for varying periods to record conditions

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Art in the Nineteenth Century

Painting and Sculpture in Europe 1790-1880. By Fritz Novotny. Penguin Books. £3 3s.
 Romantic Art. By Marcel Brion. Thames and Hudson. £6 6s.

Reviewed by BASIL TAYLOR

THE form and kind of book which we urgently need about art in Europe from the age of classicism to the denial of impressionism is summarized in Dr. Novotny's introduction to his volume in the Pelican History of Art. Such a book would have to trace, for instance, the sources and evolution as it appears in the very different versions of individualism offered by the lives of a Goya or a Delacroix, a Courbet or a Manet. It would have to examine both the yearning for the past and the emerging sense of modernity and what connects these conflicting impulses. But its central theme, as Novotny immediately suggests, would have to be the rise and decline of the basic tendency of the epoch, Naturalism, closeness to nature, as he successively names it. Neither term is an ideal label for the nineteenth-century devotion to optical experience and understanding or for that searching after a new sincerity and immediacy of observation; the one now carries too narrow stylistic associations while the other is plainly too imprecise. The book we need must place the enquiries of Delacroix and Constable, the changes in Corot's unsophisticated vision, the particularity of Caspar David Friedrich and the Pre-Raphaelites, the realism of Courbet, the methods of orthodox impressionism, these and other things into the context of a wider concern with the nature of visual experience, the period's experiments in the physical, physiological, and psychological properties of vision, its preoccupation with light and colour and their interdependence, its extensive scientific optimism. And to make this connexion we require a more careful and precise examination than has yet been made of pictorial method in the most significant nineteenth-century artists.

Paradoxically truth to optical sensation and sincerity of observation brought a complexity of method which was only to be surpassed when Seurat and the mature Cézanne tried, in the latter's words, 'to give to nature the thrill of continuance with the appearance of all its changes'. So little in fact has been done towards a history of nineteenth-century styles by contrast with the detailed studies of perspective and proportion in the Renaissance that even such a careful scholar as Novotny can leave unexplained the remark that Constable and Turner were the forerunners of impressionism.

Nevertheless the present book proves that its author is among the few scholars with the knowledge and understanding to write the ideal book. He finely represents that Austrian tradition which has provided the most humanely attractive and persuasive art historical scholarship not only through its sensitive response to the physique and spirit of works of art—and most importantly

the connexions between their spirit and matter—but because it approaches them with a determination to preserve their continuing relevance. The character of the Pelican series, however, not merely the exclusion of English art from this volume, has not allowed Novotny the freedom on this occasion to write the ideal book. Instead he has had to limit himself to a synoptic survey at a level considerably less profound than his introduction pro-

poses. But within these imposed boundaries he has produced two profoundly valuable achievements at least.

Writing from a Central European position he has been able to give the English- and French-speaking reader a view of the period which at last does historical justice to the German, Austrian, and Scandinavian contribution to what remains a French century. Some may feel that to write only 70 pages in 240 on the French was to adjust the balance too brusquely, but at least the decision is supported by the skill and interest of his treatment of the rest and, above all, by the illuminative force of the passages on Carstens, Friedrich, Runge, Menzel, Marées, and others. And that suggests the second accomplishment of this fine book, whose building blocks are the concise studies of individual artists; for anyone who has had to characterize in a few hundred words the attainment of any significant artist must admire the penetration and subtlety of Novotny's characterizations. Consistently and out of a mature experience he goes direct to the centre of a painter or sculptor's qualities, individu-

ality, and importance, giving a brilliant epitome of his achievement. His pages on Goya, Delacroix, Daumier, and Manet are especially good, and those on David typical of his rapid inclusiveness. At the heart of his treatment are the following words—'David suppressed in his historical paintings one of the most outstanding of his talents, the sense of the painterly. But since some trace of this always remains in his pictures, they are preserved from the coldness of purely moralizing and intellectual painting'. Around this suggestive observation a cluster of historical and critical observations is economically and exactly arranged.

If there is one historical task which is omitted from Dr. Novotny's book, it is the need to clarify the sources and nature of the various romanticisms and certainly to discriminate the very different contributions made by England, France, and Germany. Such clarification will not be found in Marcel Brion's inadequate book, not only because he starts from a viewpoint which may be hostile to historical discrimination, that 'Romanticism is a constant of the human mind which repeatedly comes to the surface at different stages in the history of art and civilization', but because thereafter he drifts from one generalization to another. The chapters on the national schools are without authority or distinc-



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From 'Painting and Sculpture in Europe 1790-1880'

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tion and that on English art will be particularly irritating to English readers not only because M. Brion can be careless enough to invent a non-existent artist—'H. Cuthbert (worked 1858-1877)'—but because of the general looseness of the writing which finds typical utterance in such a bizarre *non sequitur* as 'the superiority of Gainsborough's figures to the animals in James Ward's pictures is immediately obvious'. This fat book with its phalanxes of reproductions, its unreliable text and equally unreliable colour plates is characteristic of a new monster of publishing, the international art book which has its counterpart in something equally pretentious, indigestible and expensive, the international film epic.

'O Mappin, Webb, Asprey and Finnigan!'

Summoned by Bells. By John Betjeman.

John Murray. 16s.

CAN ONE THINK OF ANOTHER writer who, like Betjeman, has made a whole artistic career out of parody? It is a strange and certainly a fruitful achievement: the late chrysanthemums have been not few but many. Everything works in Betjeman's verse when he is filling out someone else's pattern with his own delicious overtones.

What time magnolia's bursting into bloom
By Balliol's brain-grey wall . . .

goes the splendid mock-Spenserian lyric in his new autobiographical poem. The body of the work is in a pedestrian blank verse metre, sometimes Tennysonian, sometimes debased Augustan, and endless shades of brilliant bathos play round it:

The foursome puffing past the sunlit hedge
With rattling golf bags.

But of course there are times when he is not sending his form up and then the writing sags into a mild and flabby Georgianism. The truth is that, fascinating and dazzling performer though he is, Betjeman is not really a poet; there is no new poetical shape he wants to make for himself. This sounds grudging, but I think makes a necessary distinction.

Betjeman's father, we learn, ran a prosperous factory in Pentonville making furniture and bric-à-brac, and aesthetically as well as emotionally Betjeman's own life was a flight from what the family business stood for: he grieved and alienated his father by refusing to enter the factory, and he turned away from the ugly and unnatural shapes that stone and wood were tortured into there to the free beauty of nature. In a way though, it seems as if there had been no revolt. For his evocations of the Cornish rocks and ocean are faded and conventional; all the life goes into his rendering of the exorbitant and man-made. There is a kind of filial piety in his career after all. To elect parody as one's artistic medium is to employ oneself on objects not unlike

The Alexandra Palace patent lock,
The Betjemann device for hansom cabs . . .
The inlaid brass, the figured rosewood box

The same patient, devoted craftsmanship goes into both; and both, in the one case deliberately, in the other unconsciously, are only a parody of art and beauty.

Betjeman has never been a satirist. His art depends on the absolute derangement and transposition of standards. He accepts and rejects in one breath: things for him are to be valued equally because they are beautiful or because they are absurd, because they belong to the national past or to his own childhood. As an interpreter of Victorian architecture his ambivalence and eclecticism are a great strength, but also at times a perversity; nostalgia, from being an equally good reason for loving buildings as aesthetic delight, sometimes gets confused with it. As an artist they are pure advantage, and at his best he has almost as exquisite and airy a bathos as Ronald Firbank: the parody view of life, the dislocation of values, the studied self-indulgence and infantilism are complete. (*Summoned by Bells*, with its bold type and amateurish vignettes, is got up like an Edwardian children's book.)

His mask is not so firmly on as Firbank's. He drops it now and again (though not often here) to nag at professors of civics and the welfare state, and more congenially and more reticently, to speak of his faith. His patient, worm's eye progress to conviction through things and places (his Oxford friends are sketched as so many diverting monuments) makes the poem a succession of minor annunciations, leading tacitly to an ultimate one. It is knit together by the repeated summonses of bells, from the peals of city churches to the prep. school handbell, and the sad and genuinely Victorian longing for belief that these convey is unresentful and sincere.

Betjeman's present great vogue is part of contemporary English chauvinism. The English cannot hear too much about themselves at present. In the decline of their imperial greatness they are studying and inventorying themselves with passion, and the richness of their preposterous socio-architectural inheritance dazzles them. An eye trained simultaneously upon class and architecture, and a tone which parodies both, have thus made Betjeman peculiarly topical. For what has happened to the English class system is actually rather like what has happened to English architecture. Once traditional order and hierarchy are broken you get parody orders and hierarchies in luxuriant profusion: there are a 'right' and 'wrong' set in Angus Wilson's Earls Court and Cheam as well as in Mayfair, just as in the nineteenth century there were evolved a score of 'pure' Gothic revival styles, all different and autochthonous. English class groupings, like English buildings, have to be studied ecologically rather than schematically, and it is as much Betjeman's instinctive sympathy for parody as his nostalgic sense for place and period which has made him such a pioneer in the study.

P. N. FURBANK

Dizzy in Private

The Young Disraeli. By B. R. Jerman.

Oxford: for Princeton. 35s.

EXECUTORS, AS A CLASS, have alarmingly declined in repute during the past century. This amiable reflection is prompted by reading Mr. B. R. Jerman's *The Young Disraeli*, a first-class piece of detection and research. Today, we picture the executor of an illustrious man advancing on the tin boxes where lie the papers of the deceased—official secrets bound together with records of little, private peccadillos—and asking himself, 'How much dare we publish?' and 'What will the serial rights be worth?' Such are the penalties of living in a commercial age, hungry for unimportant information provided it is private.

But it was not ever thus, and this book introduces us to an executor of the old school, Sir Philip Rose, to whom we make a respectful bow across the years. Mr. Jerman first introduces us to him at Disraeli's funeral at Hughenden, where, in all the pride and dignity of his office, he was escorting three Princes of the Blood to the vault. Later he went through the dead statesman's papers, and came across a dossier of private letters, which he labelled 'Very Private and Confidential'. For Lord Rowton's Eyes alone—and then to be destroyed'. (Lord Rowton was another executor who was supposed to have been chosen to write the 'official' biography.) At the end of his synopsis of this bundle of letters, Rose again emphasised that the letters should 'at once be destroyed'. Rowton, more of a modern executor, did not in fact destroy them, but, unlike a modern executor, he would never have contemplated their publication and they were not in fact used in the official biography by Monypenny first published thirty years after the statesman's death.

They reveal a curious tangle of sex and infidelity in the family of Sir Francis Sykes, Bt., which is not to be confounded with a family of the same name and also baronetical which is renowned for manliness and horse-racing in the East Riding of Yorkshire. Sir Francis had retired to Italy confident that his wife would not be neglected. He returned, after some years, to find her in the arms of Maclise, the artist; he could not divorce her because he was himself living with Mrs. Clara Bolton, whose husband—a Park Lane doctor—consented to this happy arrangement.

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CHOPIN: AN INDEX

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MACMILLAN

Disraeli's place in the story is perhaps best set down in the unselfconscious language of Mr. Jerman—a professor of English at the University of Maryland. He writes 'Clara Bolton believed in him, fought for him, and apparently even took him to her bed. But during the early months of 1833 he found metal more attractive in the person of Lady Sykes. Henrietta Lady Sykes provided him with the "snowy bosom" which he craved'.

The picture is further darkened when we learn that the 'lecherous' Lord Lyndhurst—as Mr. Jerman calls him—also enjoyed the favours of Lady Sykes. Lyndhurst was of course the first considerable promoter of Disraeli's political career, and it is suggested that Lyndhurst did this in return for the introduction to Lady Sykes. This was probably well-known London gossip at the time, and if Mr. Jerman looks at the latest and best edition of the Greville Memoirs, which he should perhaps have studied, he will see that there are certain deletions from the memoirs made by the diarist in the references to Lyndhurst and Disraeli at this time. Obviously these things could not have been hidden at the time and the crazy Lady Lytton, in her scurrilous book which was published just before Disraeli's death, states that the friendship of Disraeli and Lyndhurst began 'by their joint property with three more in Lady Sykes'.

Mr. Jerman has done some useful research into Disraeli's friendship with the Benjamin Austens, who financed him in his early days. Mrs. Austen survived Disraeli and, confused and bedridden, told her family that Gladstone had been her great friend. Disraeli, when he reached fame, banged and bolted the door on his early friends and this lends its thrill to Mr. Jerman's 'tally-ho'. Although Disraeli was deeply indebted to the Austens—Mrs. Austen can rightly claim some share in the success of *Vivian Grey*—he never saw them after he became famous. Mr. Jerman deserves to be congratulated on a fascinating book and a fine piece of work. It is not merely the unravelling of mysteries shrouded by his contemporaries which gives importance to these events. But as they were well known to the inner circle of politicians did they, as Sir Philip Rose thought, damage Disraeli with his Party and particularly with Peel?

ROGER FULFORD

Politics and Society

Political Man: The Social Bases of Politics

By Seymour Martin Lipset. Heinemann. 30s.

PROFESSOR LIPSET HAS PRODUCED a valuable, stimulating and occasionally irritating book by putting together a selection of his articles on political sociology. Despite their 'occasional' origin, the articles hang together and make a book, not a mere collection. And they make a valuable book, for they have a theme to insist on and to prove or, if not quite to prove, to suggest with a degree of plausibility that may not always command consent, but always commands attention and deserves reflection.

There is a sense in which this book is a plea for the study of politics as part of general sociology. There is an implicit protest against the kind of political science that is concerned solely with electoral systems, formal constitutions, judicial review of legislation and the like. The seamless web of society cannot be usefully cut into fragments in this way. But there is also a protest against the programmatic approach to politics. Professor Lipset protests, by argument and still more by exemplification, against the naïvely rationalistic view of politics that sees the politician putting before the customer a kind of *table d'hôte* that the voter accepts or refuses. Political decision is not merely rationality, is not merely a matter of taste if it comes to that. Batteries of social forces converge on the voter, ancestral voices speak to him, his class status speaks to him, his income, the political tradition of the district where he lives, his occupation, his or her sex, his religion, his formal education. All have their part in the choice. So has psychological temperament (although Professor Lipset does not make much play with private psychology).

Out of this welter of conflicting forces, the political result comes. Professor Lipset does not believe that it is just a matter of accumulation of pressures. Some pressures concur in the final

result. Economic status is usually reflected in educational and social status. You don't learn everything about a man as a citizen when you learn that he belongs to a lower income group, but you learn a lot. And what you learn will not comfort the old-fashioned democrat for whom the great heart of the people spoke the truth and felt all the proper generous emotions. Possibly Professor Lipset reflects some of the disillusionment of the American 'liberal' bred by the discovery that American 'populism' was not necessarily tolerant, immune to xenophobia, careful of the 'liberal' values. Looking at the contemporary world, Professor Lipset is not optimistic about the prospects of the survival, or even of the arrival on the scene, of democracy of the American or west European type in the new nations of Asia or Africa or even of Latin America (though the rise of a middle class in Latin America breeds faint hopes). He certainly does not share in the naïve American belief that the American way of life can be exported like Coca Cola and 'sold' in much the same fashion. The state of the Congo may and no doubt does depress Professor Lipset, but it is hardly likely to have surprised him.

But Professor Lipset is not solely concerned, not indeed, mainly concerned, with the so-called backward nations. He is more concerned with the problems of political motivation and behaviour in western Europe and in the United States. We have acute analyses of the background of Nazism and a less satisfactory discussion of the character of the Poujade movement in France. It is probably true that in both countries the nucleus of the Nazi and Poujade movements was in the depressed and alarmed lower middle-class, fighting against the spirit of the age. But there were and are differences. Professor Lipset deals quite adequately with the local historical forces that modified the distribution of Nazi strength in Germany (though there was no 'state' of 'Lower Saxony' under the Weimar Republic). Many of the same discontented and alarmed forces in French life supported Poujade as had supported Boulanger. But I should need a lot more evidence than I am given here to believe that the Poujadists were mainly a modern version of the old Radicals. True, they both cultivated the 'little man' and it would be historical revenge on Alain to see his darlings of the provincial cafés transformed into the backbone of the most ignominious mass movement in modern France. But surely some attention ought to have been paid to the origins of the leaders? Poujade's own background was the *Action Française* not the old Radical party. Hitler's was not the 'liberalism' of Schleswig-Holstein, but the anti-Semitic Germanism of Austria. Professor Lipset, like many sociologists, is prone to the use of a kind of historical shorthand that irritates historians. (The account of the arrival of de Gaulle in power in 1958 begs a great many questions.)

But I have more serious methodological doubts. Specific historical events may have several causes, some of a temporary but important character. To talk of the election in America of 1952, to account for the shift to General Eisenhower among normally Democratic voters, without mentioning the Korean War and the promise of peace seems to me unrealistic and unscientific. I have some of the same doubts about the use of religious statistics. Figures are all right as far as they go. But is it wise to use terms like 'Catholic' in Australia or Britain without noticing—and noting—that the mass of working-class Catholics in those countries are of Irish origin? Then we are given figures and assessments on the role of religion in France and the Netherlands. We get statements like this: 'Whereas in France the number of non-practising Catholics was almost as great as those practising, in the Netherlands they formed only one tenth of the total of Catholics'. What is a 'non-practising Catholic' in France? Most Frenchmen and Frenchwomen are non-practising Catholics. Professor Lipset is lumping together two very different sociological situations. Dutch Catholics are a highly organized, self-conscious, vigilant and combative minority. French Catholics are either the indifferent majority of the French nation or they are, proportionately, a smaller, much less well-organized and disciplined minority. Like must be compared to like even in electoral sociology or the necessary corrections must be made. And when I learn, not to my surprise, that the 'Conservative working man' is likely to be 'C. of E.', I wonder what is meant? I don't doubt the bare fact, but I should like to have more means of weighing it. But this is an exciting and very timely book.

D. W. BROGAN

Rome's Golden Age

Hadrian. By Stewart Perowne.
 Hodder and Stoughton. 25s.

MR. PEROWNE'S NEW BOOK, like its predecessors from his pen, is a painless history. It is of modest length, its chapters and sentences are short, its theme is dynamic, and it spreads across a wide landscape with which the author is largely familiar. It is not a work of scholarship, nor is it claimed so to be. Most of it has been compiled from a few standard works, notably B. W. Henderson's *Life of the Emperor Hadrian* (1923), though it rides over doubtful detail with an assurance for which Mr. Perowne must himself take responsibility. An inevitable question is, Why was the book written? For whom?

Hadrian was the ultimate founder of the golden age of Rome and, by that fact, one of the architects of the modern world. But behind the Olympic statesman is something else. Half a century after his death Tertullian described him as *omnium curiositatum explorator*, a man of infinite curiosity; and it is this intellectual quality which marks him off at once from the honest and redoubtable efficiency of his predecessor Trajan or the wise and steady judgment of the remote Augustus. Hadrian's comprehending intelligence is probably reflected more faithfully in Madame Yourcenar's romantic *Memoirs of Hadrian* than in the footnotes of the scholars or in Mr. Perowne's easy gloss. It is nearer indeed to Julius Caesar's, but Caesar had neither Hadrian's education nor his embroidered leisure and opportunity. Caesar's meteoric genius shines the more clearly and dramatically through the ages; he became one of the Nine Worthies. The more complicated and mysterious Hadrian was not in the running.

No doubt this dual and often elusive aspect of Hadrian's greatness justifies any number of attempts to appraise the man and his achievement. Amid the possibilities, Mr. Perowne steers a safe course. His book is essentially for the drawing-room (if such still exists), perhaps on a Sunday afternoon, as befits the handiwork of a member of a distinguished episcopal family, and of one who in a famous episode refers in the same breath to Hadrian and to 'Charles the Martyr-King of England'. His best and at the same time his most disproportionate chapters are those relating to the Jews and the Christians, and to Hadrian's attitude to the two sects. In these the author's manifest interest is associated with a good deal of back-thinking. Hadrian 'was not interested in Christianity and he detested Judaism'. Well, well! The Christians, after all, were still an immature religious body amongst many others, with all the offensiveness of adolescence, to be treated under law with equity (as Hadrian, like Trajan, insisted) but expected to conform with the decencies as then understood. That is surely the accepted principle of public behaviour and legislation today. As for the Jews, they were a militant folk with an inherited and cherished grievance, and their revolt in A.D. 132 was a bloodthirsty affair on both sides. Not unnaturally Hadrian disliked them, and the war was inevitably followed by rigorous punishment. The vastly important long-term result—to confirm and widen the division between Judaism and Christianity—was not of course intended or foreseen by Hadrian—how should it be? And to lament that 'in the realm of the spirit he failed' in his comprehension of such problems is a back-dated verdict after centuries of Christian preoccupation.

A fuller treatment of the Hadrianic renaissance in art would

have been welcome; although in architecture the high importance of the Pantheon is very properly emphasized. By some oversight the plates are not numbered, in spite of frequent references to them (by number) in the text.

MORTIMER WHEELER

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The process of destruction was at first more obvious on isolated islands—every-

one knows of the early extinction of the dodo on Mauritius—but with the passing of time devastation has become equally plain on the wide territories of the continents. Most of the countries in Africa have laws to protect at least part of their fauna, but in none of them are these laws part of a scientific policy of conservation. It was no doubt a realization of this lack of policy that led the Government of Northern Rhodesia to invite Dr. Fraser Darling to travel for about six months through the areas where the larger animals are still to be found in some numbers and to report on their status, and the relation of wild-life conservation to land-use policy and African nutrition. Dr. Darling carried out his mission with care, and makes a thoughtful and stimulating report; he describes the places he visited and what he saw there, and discusses the habitats and the ecology of their biological communities. His report is strongly critical of much in the present administration of the country, but he believes that there is still time so to arrange matters that the land and its fauna may not only be preserved but be made to yield a profitable crop to its human inhabitants.

The Galapagos islands, a group of thirteen large and many smaller volcanic islands, lie on the equator 650 miles west of the coast of South America. They are remarkable for the numerous animals that are peculiar to them, particularly for their giant land tortoises. They are further remarkable in that the tortoises in different islands are of different species although the islands are so close to each other that it is possible to visit the whole group without making a crossing of more than forty miles. These peculiar tortoises were particularly noticed by Darwin during the voyage of the 'Beagle' and helped to turn his thoughts towards elaborating his theory of evolution. So, too, did the interesting birds known as Darwin's finches of which there are numerous species adapted to different habitats and diets, but differing from



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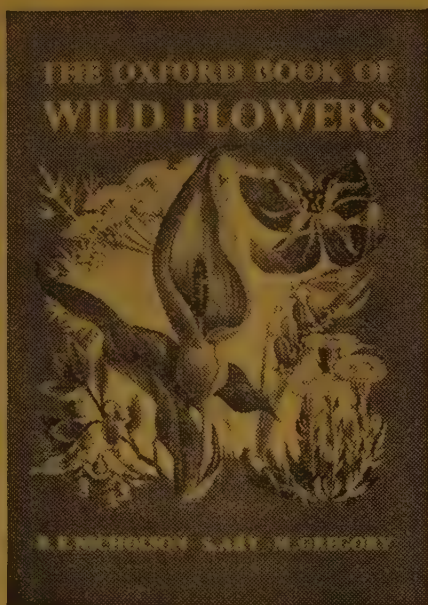
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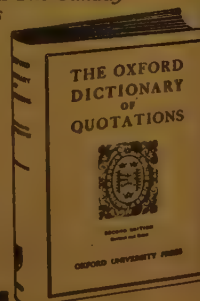
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each other in little apart from the shape and size of the bill. All these, and many other beautiful and unique animals are described in Dr. Eibl-Eibesfeldt's book in which he relates what he saw on two visits to the islands.

For several centuries the Galapagos have been visited by mariners who removed immense numbers of giant tortoises for revictualing their ships, so that some of the species have been exterminated and others reduced to a small remnant. At the same time great wanton destruction has been inflicted on the other animals, even up to the present day. At last there is a hope that the laws made by the government of Ecuador to protect the fauna and flora will be enforced since a 'Charles Darwin Foundation for the Galapagos' has been set up, and a biological research station under the auspices of the International Union for the Conservation of Nature is being established on the islands. 'Slowly but surely we men are covering our planet with asphalt and concrete and we can see how, in a few decades, natural beauty which has lasted for millions of years, has been destroyed for ever. . . . Let us then, do our best to see that at least the economically worthless Galapagos Islands, that are so rich in natural marvels, are kept undisturbed for ourselves and for those that come after us'.

Both these books are well written and the latter is beautifully illustrated. They discuss different aspects of a subject that is now a matter of great urgency, for if action is not taken quickly man will find that he has destroyed his environment before he has settled his political differences.

L. HARRISON MATTHEWS

Portrait in Oil

Marcus Samuel. By Robert Henriques.

Barrie and Rockliff. 42s.

MARCUS SAMUEL was born in 1855 into a Jewish family living in the East End of London. His father dealt amongst other things in imported decorative shells from Japan. They were to become not only an all too familiar feature of Victorian furnishing but the symbol of one of the world's largest companies. Other branches of the Samuels were to be found in other countries. Marcus was himself educated partly in Belgium. He was already a cosmopolitan when as a young man he set out for the East to look at the family markets for himself. By 1886 he was trading oil to Japanese fishermen for their lamps. By 1890 he was threatening the oil giants—Standard in the States, Nobels and Rothschild in Russia—with bulk oil from Batum which he distributed by tanker all over the East. Progress was fantastic.

His tankers made him a regular participant in the vast game of chess that was always in progress between the oil leviathans. Standard did their damndest to see that his tankers should not be allowed through Suez. They lost. Highly paid 'expert' witnesses attested to the risks of sending inflammable oil through the canal, but Salisbury and de Lesseps were sound. In August 1892 the *Murex*, first of many tankers to be named after a shell, went through.

It was no easier in the eighteen-nineties than it is today to do business with the Russians. The perils and uncertainties of Russia drove Marcus to the Dutch East Indies where his tanker syndicate, re-christened 'Shell' from 1899, began to search for oil. His nephew, Mark Abrahams, spent years in the East, nagged and bullied by Marcus and his brother in London. No part of the story is more revealing than the total failure of the high-powered salesman to grasp the problems of finding and getting oil, as distinct from marketing it. Nor was his handling of the Dutch oil producers, including Royal Dutch, any more skilful. And all the time Standard's spies prowled in the shadows, ready to take any unwary rival (as they said) 'into the fold'.

With the turn of the century, Texas oil flooded the world market and smashed Standard's monopoly. But just when Shell seemed likely to rise to the top in the oil struggle, the victory was snatched from them by the new head of Royal Dutch, Deterding. Marcus, now Lord Mayor of London, found his company engaged in a crazy contest which ended in unavoidable merger with Royal

Dutch—on Dutch terms. Yet though Deterding had reduced Marcus to second place in the new organization, he had both the magnanimity and sense to bring Marcus back to play a major role, though not a dominant one. This was the new age of the motor-car, the aeroplane and the oil-burning ship. It faded into the 1914 War, with Shell feeding the Royal Navy and the B.E.F. Then again into the peace, with Alcock and Brown crossing the Atlantic on Shell spirit. Once again Shell was prosperous beyond all Marcus's dreams.

He died in 1926. From the slums of Smithfield he had risen to the peerage and to vast wealth. He had faced the threat of bankruptcy, of personal failure and humiliation, only to rise again with a resilience that compels admiration. What were his talents? He was no organizer of men. In 1903 a colleague justly wrote of the 'recklessness' of a management that had neither head nor tail. His relations with his brother and nephew (to whom he owed much) were frenetic, chaotic and often ridiculous. Until it merged with Royal Dutch, his company remained a marketing company, not a producer. Deterding, cool and consistent where Marcus was explosive and erratic, was able to call the bluff of a Marcus fallen victim to the seductions of civic and social life. Yet Deterding also needed the genius of a salesman who had helped to convert the Navy to oil and won the friendship of Jackie Fisher, and whose mind seized quickly on the strategic possibilities of any business situation put before him. Marcus brought great powers of imagination and decision into the slow and sober counsels of his Dutch colleagues.

Mr. Henriques has written a fascinating account of a strange and remarkable life. His portrait, sympathetic yet frank, fluent but faithful, is placed in the dynamic context of the oil business—oil as capricious and volatile as Marcus himself, the object of a commercial war waged with a ferocity now difficult to conceive. Occasionally the need to record as well as to narrate seems to hold up the story; Mark's search for oil seeps out as slowly as the oil he was trying to locate. Perhaps in compensation, Mr. Henriques sometimes points a climax which seems more dramatic than historical. Was that first agreement with Royal Dutch in 1901 really a 'victory' for Marcus? How then did it disintegrate so rapidly, to be followed by defeat at the hand of Deterding? Had it any reality at all? Such occasional weaknesses exist. They must not be over-stressed. Out of material immensely complex he has produced a biography of great skill, a portrait of an optimist, ebullient, autocratic, but always, through good and ill, intensely human: a man who wore, to the end of his days, a ready-made bow tie that would fall off at dinners, who insisted on eating the ends of the roly-poly pudding. 'There's no ends, Sir Marcus', said his steward (who had eaten them himself). 'Nonsense, Pullen', said Marcus, 'there's an end to everything'. He had some of the attributes of greatness but not all. But he is a splendid subject for a biography and Mr. Henriques has done him full justice, illuminating at the same time the turbulent early history of a great British industry.

CHARLES WILSON

Diversions of the Season

TO LOOK THROUGH the abundance of more or less humorous books put out by publishers for this Christmas is to find that the best of them are satirical. They seem to reveal the existence of an international élite of caricaturists, cartoonists, and social commentators who speak the same language of goodwill. Disillusioned, frightened, sometimes angry or bitter, they perform exercises of playfulness, mockery, or fantasy which seem to suggest that all is not yet lost, that there is still hope in resistance to the way of the world.

In this élite Gerard Hoffnung (1925-1959) was an outstanding original, and a book about him by nearly thirty persons who knew him (*O Rare Hoffnung: A Memorial Garland*, Putnam, 25s.) conveys something of his character and even more of the affectionate wonder that he evoked. Unfortunately it is a scrappy book and resembles raw material for a biographical essay, but it has warmth, interesting facts, and many revealing glimpses. Of German Jewish parentage, he grew up in this country,



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became a convert to Quakerism, opened a rich seam of musical humour, revelled in 'the pictorial aspect of music' (the phrase is Donald Swann's), was an inspired practical joker, and both a passionate musician and liberal humanist. Of special interest is the way he seems to have freed himself of a youthful obsession with the morbid and macabre. *Birds, Bees and Storks* (Dennis Dobson, 5s.) is a little sequence of Hoffnung drawings of an embarrassed father trying to explain to his young son about sex.

M. Tony Mayer, a sharp observer of English life, has made, in *La Vie Anglaise* (Gollancz, 15s.), a lively addition to the long succession of efforts by the non-English to provide a critical guide to this country, its people, and their habits. He is a master of statistics, and if the English were easily startled his revelations would not leave them unrattled. We spend £40,000,000 a year on feeding our pets; more newspapers are read in England than anywhere else; a well-known firm of caterers sells thirty-one miles of Swiss roll a week. Delighted to be noticed by someone so tolerant and well-informed, we shall fail to be ashamed of our shop assistants 'indifferent to results', our filthy railways, and our taste for music so ill sustained by our musical taste. It would not be surprising to learn that M. Mayer has received some useful suggestions from the example of another critical observer of the English, George Mikes. In Mr. Mikes's twelfth book, *How to be Inimitable* (André Deutsch, 8s. 6d.), occasional approaches to near-asperity catch the attention, but if he allowed his sting to be sharper he would no doubt be less popular. Our dullness, insularity, and xenophobia are hardly to be weakened by a light touch.

Jules Feiffer's inventions are a taste that not everybody easily acquires, but a taste worth acquiring. His latest book is *Passionella and Other Stories* (Collins, 10s. 6d.). The solemnities of self-analysis, delusions of glamour, military vanity, the workings of fear upon the mob or the individual—themes such as these are reduced to absurdity by a rapid and wonderfully un-bitter inventiveness. Another and older American has produced a book described in the blurb as 'Charles Addams's outrageous assault on nostalgia'. What on earth does this mean? The word 'nostalgia' is used very loosely: here it seems to mean false sentimentality about the past. The specialized burlesque-macabre Charles Addams joke has been cherishable for many years, but *Dear Dead Days* (Paul Hamlyn, 18s.) is not a book of jokes; it is a gruesome assortment, from American sources of the late nineteenth century, of prints, photographs, and advertisements, the subjects including monstrous births, freaks, glandular irregularities, horrible accidents, operations, body-snatching, dissections, torture, homicide, corpses, funerals, undertakers, and premature burial. What is the idea, 'a full look at the worst'? What would Hoffnung have thought—he who had succeeded in purging himself of morbidity? As a Christmas present, the book is suitable for vampires or zombies. Luckily, there is a reassuring new album of cartoons, *Black Maria* (Hamish Hamilton, 21s.), which proves Charles Addams to be still his playfully diabolical self.

Like Ionesco and Steinberg, André François was born in Roumania. This is pointed out by Ronald Searle, introducing him as 'a graphic satirist of international stature', and interestingly quoting this artist's saying that his work is 'more a defence against what goes on in the world around him than an attack upon it', the work of a man 'gentle, sensitive, serious, intelligent'. The idea that humour may be defensive is true but not new: as Desmond MacCarthy once wrote, 'it is a way of honestly facing facts without being overwhelmed by them'. What looks like a hatred of authority and tyranny and violence and heartlessness finds its most powerful and least defensive expression in the illustrations for *Ubu Roi*. Many other François drawings have a precision, an ease or calligraphic freedom of a rare quality, and his latest book, *The Biting Eye* (Perpetua Books, 42s.), is to be given to someone who minds about good drawing and hates flabby, conventional humour of the English variety.

There is nothing flabby about Mr. Searle himself. The memorable extravagance of his visions of America last year in *U.S.A. for Beginners* is well matched in his new collaboration with Alex Atkinson, *Russia for Beginners* (Perpetua Books, 21s.), happily sub-titled 'By Rocking Chair across Russia'. This is a jovial frolic. Would the Russian counterparts of Mr. Searle and Mr. Atkinson 'dig' their shrewd digs?

In *The Fearful Fifties* (Bodley Head, 20s.) David Low has collected many of his cartoons of the last ten years and linked them with a commentary: they have not been funny years, or saner than others, and he does not make them seem so. Finally, *Vicky Must Go!* (Oldbourne, 5s.). Like Low, Vicky is a protester and useful gadfly. These two good men seem always to view the present with a deep concern for the future, and this makes their occasional infelicities of taste and judgment look smaller.

WILLIAM PLOMER

Poet of Freedom

Poems 1955-1959. By Boris Pasternak. Translated by Michael Harari. Collins: Harvill Press. 16s.

PUSHKIN SUMMED UP his achievement in one of his last poems with a calm confidence of immortality 'as long as even one poet lives', and certainty of popular affection, for 'in my cruel age I glorified freedom, And urged mercy to the fallen'; though on account of the tsarist censorship an unexpurgated version of the poem was published only several decades after Pushkin's death. More than a century later, Pasternak could have justified his work on the same grounds as Pushkin did—as a poet's poet, and as a creative defender of freedom. Yet the modest lines concluding one of the finest of these, Pasternak's last poems, may be regarded as an epitaph as noble as Pushkin's proud claim:

... It's not for you to settle
What's victory and what's defeat.
And yet you must defend
Each inch of your position,
To be alive, only
Alive, only alive to the end.

Quite apart from the merits or demerits of these English versions, this beautifully printed and tastefully produced book is a notable memorial to the first Russian poet ever to have attained world-wide fame, including as it does both Russian texts (flecked by only a few misprints) and translations. In this way, surely, translations of poetry should always be presented, though many translators do not have the courage.

Pasternak, one hopes, will perpetually challenge and incite translators. 'I want the heart of the matter' is the first line of his first poem here, and for Pasternak, as in the poem 'When the weather clears' which gave the Russian title for the whole collection, the heart of the matter is man as a natural being as part of nature, perceived with the joy and the wonder, the crystalline purity and sublime simplicity of vision of one who has created a world: our world—first frost, night wind, music, hospital—only we lack Pasternak's eye and ear, his words, and his wholeness.

Mr. Harari's approach is flexible and unencumbered by preconceived ideas: 'experiments in translating metre by metre proved unsatisfactory; a variety of alternatives has been adopted', he writes. Effectively equivalent rather than pedantically precise, his versions inevitably have some jars and lapses. He points out in a note that 'a major criticism of these translations is their failure to be as un-literary as the originals'. Perhaps; but a few of the English versions suffer from unnecessary colloquialisms, such as 'blighter', 'heave like hell', 'bamboozling', where the original has no such expressions. Pasternak's 'un-literary' language is mostly that of ordinary discourse, he scarcely uses slang. On the other hand the delightfully descriptive Russian word '*vertikhoostka*' would seem to deserve a more colourful equivalent than 'coquette', if one is concentrating on being un-literary.

But on the whole Mr. Harari amply vindicates his unconstrained manner. It is pleasing that he is sometimes particularly successful where Pasternak offers the heart of his vision. One would like to quote the whole of 'After the thunder', which ends:

It's not the earthquake that controls
The advent of a different life,
But storms of generosity
And visions of incandescent souls.

The publication of Pasternak's last poetry in this bilingual form is to be welcomed not only for its own value but also for two other reasons. First because it may help in a more balanced

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appreciation of *Dr. Zhivago* (with its related theme: 'Man is born to live, not to prepare for life') and of that novel's essentially poetic nature, lack of which appreciation has led to a good deal of misplaced criticism; and, secondly, it suggests the hope that translators and publishers may be encouraged to similar treatment of other outstanding modern Russian poets, who, despite rapidly spreading knowledge of the Russian language, are still largely a preserve of specialists. One thinks not only of Blok and the early Mayakovsky, but also of Esenin, Gumilyov, Mandelstam, Tsvetayeva. . . . All died between the early nineteen-twenties and the early nineteen-forties: one was shot, three committed suicide, one perished obscurely in disgrace, one died of despair; but perhaps the spark struck by Pasternak will eventually light the way to the rightful place of their poetry in—to adapt Malraux—the library without walls.

MICHAEL FUTRELL

Stravinsky Speaks

Memories and Commentaries

By Igor Stravinsky and Robert Craft. Faber. 25s.

LAST YEAR STRAVINSKY and his young American disciple Robert Craft published a series of so-called 'Conversations' in which Mr. Craft provoked a series of fascinating monologues from the Old Master—and perhaps edited them. Now comes a second series; unlike most sequels, it is in some respects better than the first. There is less about music and aesthetics, and more about people, including Stravinsky himself, which is pure gain, for when Stravinsky talks or writes about music he is apt to mix sound and penetrating sense with gnomic wisecracks, whereas when he talks about human beings he reveals the width and depth of his own humanity. The autobiographical pages of this book portray the author's famous singer-father, his teacher Rimsky-Korsakov, Nijinsky, Diaghilev, Paul Valéry, André Gide. . . . But each portrait is covered with glass in which we see Stravinsky's own reflection, and a very interesting, likeable reflection it is. There is sometimes malice, sly or not so sly, in the portraits (as when he touches on Diaghilev's sex-life) and sometimes great frankness:

Fokine was easily the most disagreeable man I have ever worked with. In fact, with Glazunov, he was the most disagreeable man I have ever met; but Glazunov was a time-to-time drunkard, which redeemed him—from time to time. . . .

And, as the earlier book showed, Stravinsky has an eye for a scene and a faculty for being amused by one; consider the trivial but neat picture of Wystan Auden's arrival in California to discuss *The Rake's Progress*:

My wife had been anxious that our only extra bed, a studio couch, might not be long enough for him, but when we saw this big, blond, intellectual bloodhound on our front porch. . . . we realized that we hadn't been anxious enough. He slept with his body on the couch and his feet, covered by a blanket pinioned with books, on a nearby chair, like the victim of a more humane and reasonable Procrustes.

It is pleasant to learn that Stravinsky's library 'contains more old English music than any other kind'.

GERALD ABRAHAM

Help for the Hebrides

Lord of the Isles

By Nigel Nicolson. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 30s.

THIS IS A BOOK about an extraordinary episode in the history of the Western Isles. It can be—and is intended to be—regarded as a variation on a topical theme: helping underdeveloped countries. In it we have 'the confrontation between a twentieth-century millionaire industrialist and the most primitive community to be found in the British Isles'. The millionaire was Lord Leverhulme. He bought Lewis in 1918 and subsequently added

Harris, St. Kilda and the Shiant Islands to his domain. There was an element of nostalgia about his venture, for he had visited Stornoway in 1884 with his wife, but he seems to have been inspired in the main by a kind of high-minded creativity. Here was an island surrounded by fish and inhabited by crofters and part-time fishermen eking out a proud, independent and materially miserable existence. He could raise their standard of living and create something new. Port Sunlight was a going concern, here was a more dramatic challenge. With capital and organization the men of Lewis and Harris could be made prosperous. Accordingly he planned a big harbour to hold a big fishing fleet, factories for curing, canning and freezing the fish, and a chain of shops to dispose of it. Stornoway was to be a centre of industry and culture, with an art gallery and a war memorial. All that remains is the war memorial and MacFisheries Limited. The project was by no means absurd: Stornoway herrings had been consumed in Moscow and Berlin before the war. He was defeated by a combination of land, human nature and bad luck.

Leverhulme thought that crofting and fishing did not go together, but the Lewismen wanted their crofts to fall back on if things went badly. Unhappily there were not enough crofts to go round, and the service men back from the war looked hungrily at the farms made out of land from which crofters had been evicted. Worse still, they raided them and staked out their claims. Then the fat was in the fire. The Scottish Office supported the raiders, though not their actions, and a bitter dispute began. In the end Leverhulme abandoned Lewis and transferred his energies to the development of Leverburgh in Harris. But bad luck had played its part; Leverhulme was at the time in financial difficulties and world trade was slumping. He offered Lewis to its inhabitants. Stornoway accepted the castle, the gas company, the offal company and the steam laundry, but the crofters refused their crofts—they were better off as tenants.

The Harris project went more smoothly, and he toyed with the idea of making sausages out of whale meat for African natives: 'As whale meat is rather tough it will improve the possibilities of mastication'. However, in 1925 Leverhulme died and all his ventures in Harris came to an abrupt end. Mr. Nicolson's account of this curious interruption of Hebridean peace is brilliant. He not only tells the story well, he also enlists one's sympathies for all sides. Everyone was in the right some of the time and in the wrong the rest of the time; in fact the whole melancholy affair could not have turned out otherwise.

W. J. H. SPROTT

The Evolving Oceans

A Biography of the Sea. By Richard Carrington. Chatto and Windus. 30s.

THE ORIGIN and evolution of the world's oceans, the seeding of them with first living cells and the gradual radiation from these seeds into a multitude of ever more complex and, sometimes, grotesque forms until the emergence of man and then his explorations into all this richness—this is the story that Mr. Richard Carrington has to tell, and it is a fascinating one. He tells it conscientiously, even a shade laboriously, and to those of this island race who live in ignorance of the sea's habits and inhabitants his study can be recommended as reasonable and accurate.

And how many of these are there? We like to think of ourselves as a bunch of sea-farers, Hearts of Oak and all that kind of thing, honest Jack Tars to a man, but how many of us could explain something so simple as the way a sea wave moves or why it breaks? And every time Portuguese men-of-war stray into the Channel, the popular press feels obliged to explain that these uncomfortable creatures are really colonies of a primitive animal group which have been carried there by a current of warm water. As for fish, we eat the things of course, but I have known even the wife of a fishmonger fail to recognize a Dover sole when it was lying on its right side—which, incidentally, most of us would refer to as 'its back'. Even the efforts of Miss Rachel Carson and Mr. Roger Pilkington have been unsuccessful in removing this massive ignorance, and it seems improbable that Mr.

Carrington will succeed. He lacks both the verve of Miss Carson and the clarity of Mr. Pilkington. Nor does he write with the authority commanded by Russell and Yonge in their classic volume *The Seas*.

If I were to be asked what his most essential failure is it would be that he spends too much space apologizing for not having enough space to say what he wants. This is, perhaps, more excusable than appears at first because his subject is vast and he can do no more than touch on a few salient features. Yet his idea of what constitutes a 'salient' feature leaves much to be desired. For example, he goes into considerable detail about the mating behaviour of *Calanus* and other copepods yet makes no mention of their asexual reproductive capacities which are much more important in terms of the sea's economy. Then again, he spends a full paragraph on the statocysts of *Obelia* but makes no mention of the alternation of generations in this or any other coelenterate. Still more oddly he is able to write: 'These brief notes on some of the more remarkable living pelagic and semi-pelagic genera of birds must suffice in the present context' without having done more than mention the puffin or guillemot. Then, too, he has an irritating habit of not living up to his promises. Thus, he ends his account of fishes with a paragraph which begins: 'One other aspect of flatfish is worthy of mention before we leave the teleosts for the nektonic invertebrates'. But what do these 'nektonic invertebrates' turn out to be? None other than our old friend the giant squid, *Architeuthis princeps*, an animal that very few of us are ever likely to encounter alive in the flesh. Surely some of the smaller squids might have been introduced, or a cuttlefish or two. These at least are species the reader stands some chance of meeting.

Perhaps Mr. Carrington's best chapter is that entitled 'The Discovery of the Oceans', an account of European and Middle Eastern explorations from the Phoenicians to Nansen. Into this he packs an assortment of weird details from Herodotus and Hanno together with a brisk factual account of the navigational feats of such men as Vasco da Gama, Magellan, and Cook. But, after that, the book trails off, first into a desultory and incomplete catalogue of scientific sampling instruments, then into a haphazard account of a number of arbitrarily chosen fishing industries, and hence to mythology and a somewhat pompous version of the effect of the sea on the arts.

Yet, as I have said, the book is conscientious and covers a much wider field than any comparable production. There are only a very few errors and they are probably mostly misprints as, almost certainly, is the odd statement on page 52 that 'solid substances . . . in general have a much larger specific heat than water' where 'larger' would seem to be a printer's error for lower. If my memory serves me, however, graptolites have been recently proved to be primitive chordates rather than coelenterates and that would be a more serious mistake on Mr. Carrington's part.

The popularizer needs, first of all, to be absolute master of his material. Then he requires a tone of voice which is intimate without ever being condescending. All this Mr. Carrington has in abundance. What then does he lack? I should say it was a sense of balance, of proportion, for perhaps the subject he has chosen is simply too big for the limits of one book. At any rate, he has provided a rich scatter of information, some of it hard to come by, about a subject with which we should all be better acquainted.

BURNS SINGER

Dynamite King

Nobel. By Nicolas Halasz. Robert Hale. 18s.

IT IS DOUBTFUL if the name of Nobel would mean much to anyone today, if it were not for the five international prizes, for physics, chemistry, medicine, literature and the promotion of the fraternity of nations, with which it is associated. It is doubtful also whether many people reflect, when the annual awards are made, that the funds out of which they are provided come from such unlikely sources as the discovery of dynamite and the opening up of the oil fields of Baku. If this is indeed so, it may be taken as evidence that after sixty-four years Alfred Nobel, the founder of the prizes, has at last achieved what finally became his greatest ambition; that he should be remembered, if at all, not as the 'Dynamite King' and manufacturer of armaments but as one

who gave his fortune to promote the progress of humanity. Even to himself this might have appeared as one of the ironies of history. When some years before his death he wrote an autobiographical sketch, he began it with the words: 'His miserable existence should have been terminated at birth by a humane doctor as he drew his first howling breath'.

As Mr. Halasz's new biography now shows, the most constant factor in Nobel's life, apart from his devotion to scientific research, was his absolute and unqualified contempt for himself: for his physical appearance, which disgusted him, for his

failure to devote himself to pure rather than applied science, for his incapacity to feel or inspire love, for the contrast between the practical purposes to which he applied his scientific genius and the philosophic and ethical ideals which impelled him to believe in the possibility of human progress. Sometimes the contradictions of his own nature, into which he possessed the keenest insight, found expression in words which seemed to reveal both its destructive and its constructive elements: 'I wish I could produce a substitute or a machine of such frightful efficacy for wholesale destruction that wars should thereby become altogether impossible'. He believed that unless within thirty years of his lifetime mankind had succeeded in making wars impossible, technical progress would make it inevitable that they should utterly destroy themselves. It has taken a little longer than that.

The paradoxes of his nature reproduced themselves in his private as in his public life. This brilliant, highly educated, sensitive man, who in youth dreamed of a love which should be a union of souls and was horrified by his first experience of sexual passion, spent eighteen years of his life, in the intervals of building up his great dynamite trust, in a liaison with a silly, shallow, feather-headed and enchantingly pretty Viennese shop girl; and when at the end of his life he withdrew from business and scientific research to make plans for promoting world peace, he devoted much of his time to writing a new version of Shelley's *The Cenci*, in which Beatrice, with the author's approval, personally inflicts the most atrocious tortures on her father, and is gratified by the Devil's assurance that after death she will be able to go on doing so to the end of time.

Mr. Halasz's biography is not particularly distinguished and does little to help us understand the extraordinary psychology of his subject. Indeed one sometimes feels that he is himself



Flare-fishing in Tonga

From 'A Biography of the Sea'

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GORONWY REES

Gide's Last Will

So Be It: or, The Chips Are Down. By André Gide.
Chatto and Windus. 16s.

IN THE FINAL AUTUMN and winter of his life Gide felt the need to weave one last web of shot-silk tapestry from the threads of eighty years, and wrote *So Be It*. This enchanting and moving volume is here introduced, annotated and limpidly translated by Professor Justin O'Brien, whose version of Gide's *Journals* has become an English classic. Gide wrote it with a pen given him by Professor O'Brien, who last saw him, and was shown glimpses of the manuscript, only two months before his death. I remember that about this time, when I was finishing a little book on Gide, a few messages were transmitted from me to him by his other great translator, the incomparable Dorothy Bussy. 'Tell him he's on the right track', he said, when I suggested that his early satire, *Marshlands*, was a key to all his work; and he was delighted and amused to hear of a French Revolution vaudeville play in the British Museum Library called *Les Faux-Monnayeurs*: 'one is always anticipated', he cried.

His present condition is described, he says, by 'a very beautiful word, *anorexia*, meaning lack of appetite'. Indeed, not the least of the beauties of this ravishing book is the intermittent sense of extreme fatigue, the same as in the exultant white nights of Gide's youth, when he pressed his aching forehead on the cool window-pane and saw the Normandy dawn—except that now it is not sleep he resists, but death. Death, so be it, will come soon; meanwhile curiosity incessantly revives, *anorexia* is only a word, and the old man spreads out his mind like an espalier peach-tree against a sunny wall.

He has decided to write whatever comes into his head, without cheating, and while the topic changes on every page this master of construction makes the links seem both logical and undetectable. He examines his failing powers with unflinching power. He will recant nothing—'as for the game I was playing, I have won it'—on the contrary, if he had his life over again he would have learned Greek, gone round the world four times, have yielded to even more temptations. He tells a series of absurdly funny stories, for his last portrait would be incomplete without his relish for the *saugrenu*. Then the revolving searchlight of his mind reaches further and further into his enormous past. On his return to Paris after the Liberation he found a complete outfit for forging identity papers hidden behind his dictionaries; he remembers 'a dazzling red isolated flower' seen in the Caucasus on his visit to Soviet Russia, a moment of unhallowed bliss in his trip to the Congo, scenes from the Italian honeymoon of his never-consummated marriage, and deepest of all, across a gulf of seventy years, the secret games of his girl cousins at Rouen, when the inventive Valentine or bold Jeanne seemed more interesting than the timid Madeleine whom he married. In his dreams, this author of *Oedipe* reveals, his dead wife's and dead mother's faces often change places, always 'with an inhibitory role'.

The hidden theme of this last testament is the quest for a final aphorism—'believe those who seek the truth, doubt those who find it', he writes, but that is not it. His last attempt, six days before death, is only a formula of acceptance, the famous words: 'my own position in the sky, in relation to the sun, must not make me consider the dawn any less beautiful'. No man can solve the riddle of the universe, but few in our time have stated it better. Gide is not among the great imaginative writers; but perhaps more than any other he will be found to have transmitted, like an ark in a deluge, the sum of human values in the twentieth century to an unknown future.

GEORGE D. PAINTER

The Queen and the Nation

Elizabeth I and the Unity of England

By Joel Hurstfield. English Universities Press. 10s. 6d.

THE 'TEACH YOURSELF HISTORY' series, in which Professor Hurstfield's small but valuable book appears, requires him 'by way of a biography . . . to open up a significant historical theme'. The theme he has chosen is the manner in which Elizabeth restored and represented the unity of her nation—with her and within itself—after the ecclesiastical disruptions of the previous generation. He has therefore, as he says, written a political biography, but he has also admirably succeeded in bringing out the queen's remarkable personality. He is no uncritical admirer, a great relief, in some respects he does not admire at all. However, his balanced assessment leaves both him and the reader with an enhanced respect for the person and policy of Elizabeth. With all her vacillation and crudity, the queen was a wonderfully skilful pilot in the shoals of affairs: if at times she herself shifted the sandbanks into her own path, she also always knew how to pass round them at the last moment.

This is a stimulating book, and Professor Hurstfield will surely be glad to stimulate not only admiration for a splendid piece of packed compression but also amicable argument. He rests his account on an interpretation of the age which, though traditional, seems open to dispute. By and large he holds that the queen's difficulties with her people, and especially with her parliaments, grew steadily worse, that she gave away much of the power of monarchy, and that she left to her successor 'smouldering fires' of opposition which she had only 'damped down'. But did opposition really grow in so ascending a line, culminating in the 1601 session which Professor Hurstfield sees as marking Elizabeth's failure to preserve unity into a new generation? Her famous 'golden speech' of that year, which Professor Hurstfield does not quote, surely demonstrated that such unity as had been still existed.

Sir John Neale has displayed the vigour and profundity of the opposition before 1588, which makes it doubtful whether the last decade can be seen in so climactic a light; no parliament of James I's, unlike several of Elizabeth's, proposed projects of puritan reform, a fact which makes one wonder whether he really faced fires left smouldering and ready to burst into flame. Is it not rather that no Tudor or Stuart monarch could expect ready-made harmony between himself and his people—that the Elizabethan 'unity', while real enough, was ever uncertain, ever to be worked for? Both early and late in the reign, Elizabeth did very well in this battle, but she did so in the face of continuous, though fluctuating difficulties. James I, whose difficulties—some less, some greater—were different, did very badly; but it may at least be argued that this had little to do with any failure on his predecessor's part to preserve the prerogative intact. If one remembers that all Tudor parliaments required management and persuasion, and if one notes the unrevolutionary language used to James I through most of his reign, one may come to think that his troubles stemmed largely from his attempt to make the prerogative do things for which it was never designed. Elizabeth, as Professor Hurstfield demonstrates, knew better.

These are big issues worth ventilating, but it must not be thought that they exhaust the interest of Professor Hurstfield's treatment. The reader, lay and professional, has reason to thank the author for putting so much unusual information and insight into so small a compass. This is not just another life of Elizabeth, but a real and telling contribution to our knowledge of the period.

G. R. ELTON

Dr. Peter Green has already made his mark as a historical novelist. His new book, *Essays in Antiquity* (John Murray, 21s.) reveals the solid classical scholarship which underlies his fiction. His themes include the state of classical education today, and the translation of classical poetry, on both of which he is stimulating and provocative. There is a long monograph on Roman satire, and other essays on various aspects of the ancient world. Some of the pieces are greatly expanded versions of reviews and articles which first appeared in *The Times Literary Supplement*.

Oh, 'Tis My Delight . . .

A Poacher's Tale. By Fred J. Speakman and Alfred T. Curtis. Bell. 18s.

The New Poacher's Handbook. By Ian Niall. Heinemann. 16s.

POACHING, LIKE MOST OTHER country activities, is changing its pattern. The incentive of poverty, for one thing, is less urgent. A few of the more obstinate old-timers, and even fewer of the younger generation, still pad about the night woods in search of an illicit pheasant, but the gamekeeper's worst enemies today are the gangs that drive out of town in car or lorry. Such gang-warfare is as repugnant to the villagers (who would privately have admired the individual poacher) as it is to the keeper himself.

It might seem therefore that these two books arrive rather belatedly. But although the lawless adventures of the poacher may no longer provoke as lively an interest as they did, say, in the days when Jeffries launched himself to fame with *The Amateur Poacher* (or even when, fifty years later, *The Rabbit Skin Cap* appeared), there is still plenty of interest in the poacher's craft. For its insight into this craft Mr. Niall's handbook (an old favourite brought up to date) is quite admirable. He writes a fine lean prose, his manner is devoid of sentimentality, and his matter is first hand. Whether he is describing the 'numerous and legendary' ways of coming by a pheasant or the netting of partridges or the tickling of trout, he is equally informative and he makes a genuine contribution to the layman's knowledge of wild life.

Mr. Curtis, on the other hand, though a lifelong practising poacher, suffers through being under the necessity of letting somebody else tell his tale for him. The style employed by his editor is altogether too literary. Do poachers 'watch the rabbit shake the dew from his feet in the silver morning' or speak feelingly of 'birds fighting love's battle with song'?

Born in 1893, Mr. Curtis practised in the hey-day of poaching, and his excuse was poverty. Gun, rod and snare gave him food for a hungry family. If the risks were considerable, they were matched with a lively zest—and he has no regrets. Nor has he any regrets for his other job of bird-trapping. He poached for food and he trapped for money. Here, in fact, for what must surely be the first time, is a detailed account of bird-trapping by one who remembers it in age with pride for the skill he used, for the prize songsters he sold, and for the cunning with which he outwitted the increasing vigilance of the R.S.P.C.A. His bird-trapping exploits occupy the greater (and most grimly fascinating) part of his story. Chaffinches, goldfinches (as many as 400 a week), bullfinches, greenfinches and linnets, these were the birds he caught with net and lime and call-bird, selling them, by the thousand, in Club Row, London's chief bird-market.

Mr. Curtis considered himself a professional and scorned to indulge in those baser practices which so inflamed public opinion and which are still remembered against the trade—colour-feeding greenfinches with red pepper to transform them into 'canaries', for instance, or dipping birds into a warm solution of permanganate of potash to 'paint' them mauve, or even piercing their

eyes with a needle to make them sing more and splitting their tongues to improve the song. Bird-catching, Mr. Curtis declares, still goes on in spite of the law, but 'I neither condemn nor do I condone'. Instead, he is content to take pleasure today in the thought of how he once 'brought joy into many a home'. For he was, it seems, always a tender man: even while he was liming for goldfinches he 'always felt the goldfinch was one of God's birds, born a lover of the open lands'.

C. HENRY WARREN

Iberian Baroque

Baroque in Spain and Portugal

By James Lees-Milne. Batsford. 35s.

THERE ARE VERY FEW churches in Spain, and no great number in Portugal either, without some Baroque features. Thus it may seem a paradox, yet it is none the less the truth, that architecturally Iberian Baroque is much less rich than Italian, or even Austrian. Primarily this is because churches designed *ab initio* in the Baroque style in Spain and Portugal are comparatively rare: usually it was a question of refurbishing the interior of some medieval building and providing it with a new front, and perhaps a new top to the tower, the earlier plan remaining virtually unaltered. And, secondly, it is evident that the architects of the Peninsula were nearly always more concerned with decoration than structure. Hence even in Seville, where 'Spanish Baroque building reached perhaps its most articulate expression', it is undeniable that 'the façades are usually best appreciated by myopic people through a haze of intense heat, when the welter of sculptural detail merges into the contours of the background'!

Mr. Lees-Milne's new book is a comparatively short sequel to his study of Baroque in Italy, published last year. It does not aim at the comprehensiveness of Messrs. Kubler's and Soria's recent Pelican volume. Unlike theirs, however, it can be carried round very conveniently in a suitcase and read in front of the buildings; and, as it happens, I have just been able to do exactly this. There can surely be no better way of testing the quality of this kind of

book. Will the author be able, we ask, to add to our understanding, and hence to our enjoyment? And will he direct our attention to features which, without his guidance, we might easily have overlooked? To both these questions, in relation to the present work, my answer is 'yes'.

In Portugal both architecture and author strike a lighter, gayer note: 'religion was not a severe strait-jacket as in Spain, but a life-enhancing garment worn delightedly by priests and people alike'. The story which in Spain begins with the Plateresque, here starts with the much more original Manoeline, and in an essay of hardly more than fifty pages we are presented with a fresh and truthful picture of all that is significant in Portuguese architecture between c. 1490 and c. 1780. It ends with the Rococo, in which style Portugal, unlike Spain, created a number of charming country houses and gardens as well as such a little masterpiece as the façade of the church of Senhor dos Santos Passos at Guimarães. That brilliant light which is such a benison to Iberian architecture is notably present in many of the illustrations.

ALEC CLIFTON-TAYLOR



Guimarães: Church of Senhor dos Santos Passos (eighteenth century)
From 'Baroque in Spain and Portugal'

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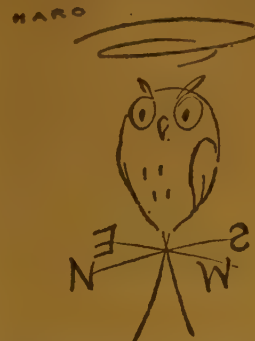
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New Novels

MR. RAYMOND WILLIAMS's first novel, *Border Country* (Chatto and Windus, 18s.), is about a youngish London university lecturer who is called home to a little village just inside the border of South Wales when his father, a signalman on a branch railway line, has a stroke: he goes home, stays till his father recovers, returns when his father has a second stroke and is there when he dies. Thus, simply, Mr. Williams moves into an evocation, passionate and inquiring, of the lives of the son, his father, his mother, their families, and the people in the village with whose lives their own are intertwined; and of the constantly-changing industrialized society that has brought them, despite the hardness of their lives, to flower.

At the centre of the novel is the relationship of the father and the son, the father strong-minded, incapable of explaining himself, fundamentally a good man; the son clever and sensitive, bound by conscience and sympathy to his father's class and by love to his father, yet having broken away from his home to a different way of life. 'But a father is more than a person', the son says, 'he's in fact a society, the thing you grow up into. We've been moved and grown into a different society. We keep the relationship but we don't take over the work. We have, you might say, a personal father but no social father. What they offer us, where we go, we reject'. Do not be misled by the analytical nature of this speech—nor by the gnomic Anglo-Welsh into which Mr. Williams sometimes lapses. Time and again, while reading *Border Country*, I was reminded of the phrase used by medieval Japanese writers to describe the love of parents for children—the love which can never meet and fuse with that of children for parents—'a darkness of the heart'. Mr. Williams knows where we all stand as a consequence of the Industrial Revolution; he knows how those men who hoped for the day when a man 'would have nothing to bear him down' were defeated in 1926; and he knows about the darkness of the heart. They are all beautifully woven into *Border Country*. It is a fine novel. It is inspiring.

At the beginning of Philip Callow's *A Pledge for the Earth* (Heinemann, 18s.) the resemblances to the work of D. H. Lawrence are obvious—the cosy, voyeuristic admiration for maleness and the insistence on an element in women corrosive to that maleness: the stretching of the language for vividness beyond the point of ordinary validity—'whose neck was tall and shy'—and the sexual symbolism so heavy that it even throws the printer—'he smelled of tobacco and public-houses'. But these resemblances are washed away when the novel becomes for a time political; and a major difference becomes clear. Unlike Lawrence, Mr. Callow is not carried away by hatred of the Industrial Revolution: he is not a Luddite.

Mr. Callow covers three generations in this novel; first a mason, then his son, a clerk—both firmly rooted in their class—and finally the grandson, a school-teacher—in the superficial social sense uprooted—who is going to become a writer. The theme, the pledge to the earth, is the passion of these human beings for the experiences of life. Mr. Callow's feeling for this passion is intense, and his gift for expressing it is poetic. The novel is moving and affirmative. Yet there are two things wrong with it. The first is not serious: Mr. Callow often lets his narrative get too feeble to hold up. The second is serious. Whereas Mr. Williams strives to express the experience of working-class people as *they* feel it, Mr. Callow expresses it as *he* feels it. This is fine when Mr. Callow speaks for himself *about* them; but when he speaks in his own way as it were *for* them, what he says is so poetic and so articulate as to be incredible. This represents Mr. Callow's inherent 'literary problem'. It will be fascinating to see if, in his next novel, he gets nearer to solving it.

The Papers of Andrew Melmoth, by Hugh Sykes Davies (Methuen, 16s.), is about a young university scientist who produces a strange impact on his friends, as if he were lacking some essential component of temperament. What he lacks is revealed to be self-concern—he is so unconcerned with his own self that he is unaware of the demands made upon him by his friends' self-concern. His research is on rats, in which his interest becomes obsessive when he discovers that in certain sewers there are generating, through mutations caused by atomic bomb fall-out,

rats of giant size and intelligence. Convinced that mankind is going to destroy itself, he goes over to the rats. Though Mr. Sykes Davies carries off the dénouement in a wonderfully creepy fashion, it was in the earlier part of the book that I found most to admire—his account of the intricate tensions between people who are hypersensitive to 'personal relationships' is accurate, subtle and in a subfusc way deliciously amusing. What I found to criticize was the way in which Mr. Sykes Davies did not come straight out with what seemed to me really to be biting him, i.e., a bitter fear—justifiable enough, God knows—of fall-out. But I may be wrong about this. However, I am not wrong in pointing out that Mr. Sykes Davies's novel is written in most elegant, flexible prose.

'Nearly fifty years of life', ruminates the father in Clifford Hanley's *The Taste of Too Much* (Hutchinson, 15s.), 'and nearly twenty-five years of marriage, and nothing to show for it except a houseful of people who have come from God knows where'. His house happens to be on an oldish working-class housing estate in Glasgow; but what man who endures moderately harmonious family life would not feel, on reading that rumination, that he was not on home ground? *The Taste of Too Much*, though it is lighter in weight and pretensions than the other three novels reviewed here, is very attractive. It is about youths and girls—I cannot call them teenagers because that term has been restricted by the popular press to persons between twelve and twenty who are either subhuman or maladjusted or both. Mr. Hanley's young people are healthy, natural, funny, appealing, baffled by sex and the world in general, but *spirited* in the face of their bafflement—in fact, typical of their kind, and a credit to their country and the society in which they live. The central person is a lively, likeable boy of seventeen, who makes his first essay in love with a girl of twenty. Of course it doesn't come to anything. Its effect is to awaken in him a sense of mature responsibility. Good for him—and for Mr. Hanley!

WILLIAM COOPER

Children's Books

I—Senior Library

WAS THERE EVER A CHRISTMAS with so wide a span of books for over-twelves? It begins with the handsome *Dinosaurs and other Prehistoric Animals*: 'Hats off to little *Saltoposuchus* (sal-tuh-puh-SOOK-US), whose descendants would improve on his basic pattern and rule the world for 100 million years!', written by Darlene Geis, illustrated by R. F. Peterson (Macdonald, 18s.), and it ends with *Eagle Book of Spacecraft Models* by Ray Malmström. With 'nine full size plans to build tomorrow's Models today' it costs only 8s. 6d. from the Longacre Press, but post-Christmas demand for tools, balsa wood, sellotape (and probably father's time) will be heavy. The self-indulgent parent would be advised to plump for Nature, Volume 2 of The Macdonald Illustrated Library. It is a superb popular scientific exposition of the evolution of the universe, earth, plants, and animals, cramming with its combination of text and picture in bold generalization an enormous amount of knowledge into a small space. The editorial board of James Fisher, Sir Julian Huxley, with Sir Gerald Barry and Dr. Bronowski indicates the high level of exposition. Though it costs £2.5s., it will keep the children entranced and make good reading for the parents, after the children are in bed. And, incidentally, it dispassionately explains the method of human reproduction in its proper natural context.

Of the hobby books, the most comprehensive is *The Boy's Book of Things to Make and Do* (Odhams, 12s. 6d.). For specialists, there are *World of Model Railways* by Joseph Martin (Percival Marshall, 12s. 6d.) and *Water-Colour Painting is Fun* (25s.) and *Oil-Painting is Fun* (21s.), both by Alois Fabry (Vision Press). These are for beginners. For general art appreciation *Living Artists of the Eighteenth Century* (Hutchinson, 15s.) by the B.B.C. Children's Hour Art Critic, W. R. Dalzell, is an excellent combination of biography and exposition. Julian Trevelyan's *The Artist and his World, a young person's guide* (Gollancz, 12s. 6d.) is designed more for those who are seriously considering

taking up Art as a career. *Let's Have Some Poetry* by Elizabeth Jennings (Museum Press, 12s. 6d.) is meant to do the same thing for poetry. I felt it might help versifiers, but would make true budding poets think they were mad. Observation beyond the I-Spy level is the hobby encouraged by Geoffrey S. Fletcher's *Town's Eye View* (Hutchinson, 15s.). It is refreshing to find the broad Betje-man appreciation brought to the Parthenon-influence in weighing machines, the beauty of Victorian lamp-posts and pillar-boxes. It will help those who have eyes to see beyond the boundaries of ghastly good taste.

There's an awful lot of history, straight, fictional and mixed. For the Egyptologist, the choice lies between a Cadet Edition of Leonard Cottrell's account of the Tutankhamen discoveries *The Lost Pharaohs* (Evans, 10s. 6d.), Hans Baumann's beautifully produced and illustrated *The World of the Pharaohs* (Oxford, 15s.), ruined in my view by an unnecessary little boy story, and Barbara Sewell and Patrick Lynch's brief but clear *The Story of Ancient Egypt* (Arnold, 12s. 6d.), ruined by crude illustration. The same praise and blame attach to the companion volume *The Story of Ancient Athens* by D. R. Barker (Arnold, 12s. 6d.) which confines itself to the fifth century B.C. Roger Lancelyn Green in *Heroes of Greece and Troy* (Bodley Head, 21s.) brings novelty to these oft-told tales by arranging them to show the evolution of Greek myth into history.

Henceforward we are in the world of fiction. Stephanie Plowman in *To Spare the Conquered* (Methuen, 15s.) lays her story in Britain A.D. 51, with the problems of the Romans dealing with a conquered people. Rosemary Sutcliff's *Knight's Fee* (Oxford, 12s. 6d.) tells the feudally rich story of the rise to knighthood of the dog-boy, Randal, soon after the Norman conquest. Nancy Faulkner in *The Yellow Hat* (Constable, 12s. 6d.) treats of the search for freedom in the mind of a young serf, during the Peasants' Revolt of 1381. Somewhat the same theme engages Philip Rush in *Apprentice at Arms* (Collins, 12s. 6d.), but this time during Sir Thomas Wyatt's unsuccessful rebellion against Queen Mary, and Geoffrey Trease in *Thunder of Valmy* (Macmillan, 13s. 6d.), a fast-moving story of a young painter in the French Revolution, which seemed to me the most entertaining of these historical books. In *Escape from France* (Oxford, 12s. 6d.) Ronald Welch continues his saga of the Carey family. Richard Carey here takes time off from Cambridge to do a Scarlet Pimpernel, rescuing the Marquis de Vernaye from the guillotine after saving his wife and two children.

Gillian Avery is a rather more sophisticated writer. Her *Elephant War* (Collins, 12s. 6d.) is concerned with the historic fight in the spring of 1875 to prevent the original Jumbo from being shipped from the London Zoo to Barnum's American Circus. Harriet Smith and her brothers, not having had the chance of reading Elephant Bill on *musth*, are righteously indignant.

I have left to the end most of the best books of this good-value Christmas season. Ann Petry's story biography *The Girl Called Moses* (Methuen, 12s. 6d.), of Harriet Tubman, the lusty Negro girl who led hundreds of her enslaved countrymen to freedom, is first-class. So is Frederick Grice's *The Bonny Pit Laddie* (Oxford, 12s. 6d.), a Sons and Lovers story of escape from the pit, without



Illustration by Judith Valentine to *The Girl Called Moses*, by Ann Petry

the lovers. Geoffrey Household has a suspenseful adventure with a pleistosaure in *The Spanish Cave* (Bodley Head, 10s. 6d.). *Children of the Blizzard* by H. and A. Washburne (Denis Dobson, 12s. 6d.), though not as stark as her autobiography *Wild like the Foxes*, is a delightful picture of Eskimo childhood, hard, tough, and yet loving. A very odd and enchanting collection of short stories for all sorts of ages is Janet McNeill's *Special Occasions* (Faber, 10s. 6d.). I don't know who she's writing for except herself, unless it's everybody. Nearly as odd a book from the same publisher is Catherine Storr's *Marianne and Mark* (13s. 6d.), the story of a lonely girl in Brighton, who is utterly miserable until she meets a boy whose wisdom settles her.

Finally, there are the reprints. First among these is the magnificent *Two Little Savages*, the adventures of two boys who lived as Indians and what they learned, the childhood autobiography of that great naturalist Ernest Thompson Seton (Edmund Ward, 25s.). It is a wonderful store of animal and human and woodland wisdom which will beguile children today as much as it did when first published in 1903. There is Cherry Kearton's *Penguin Island* (Hutchinson, 15s.), as warm in its study of penguins as Fabre's study of bees and dung beetles; *The Far-Distant Oxus* (Collins, 12s. 6d.), the adventure which the schoolgirls Katharine Hull and Pamela Whitlock wrote twenty-three years ago; and of course there is E. Nesbit's *The Railway Children* (Puffin, 3s. 6d.).

ARTHUR CALDER-MARSHALL

II—Junior Library

DOES SOME STRANGE herd instinct act on authors and publishers, moving them all in the same direction at once? Last year there were more new editions of children's classics than any child could digest; this year *A Child's Garden of Verses* by R. L. Stevenson (Bodley Head, 9s. 6d.) arrives in solitary state. The fashion is now for folk tales, told afresh. Traditional stories are gathered from all across the world, and these collections are coming in such numbers that some must go under in the flood. To choose just a few of the best—our own fairy stories may be rough and rugged, but in *Jack and the Beanstalk*, by Kathleen Lines (Oxford, 15s.), ten old favourites are told quite simply for the young, and *Fairy Tales from the British Isles* by Amabel Williams-Ellis (Blackie, 18s.) should appeal to older children with its choice of the mysterious and weird. Then tales from other countries can widen a child's horizons in the nicest possible way. *The Tiger's Whisker* by Harold Courlander (Methuen, 12s. 6d.) brings stories from Asia and the Pacific. These are something of a revelation after our native tales: they are so much more civilized, so much less crude. *Stories from Africa* by Shirley Goulden (W. H. Allen, 15s.) is on the grand scale. The tales are beautifully told, and the illustrations by Maraja are rich and bright, with delicate African beauties and sturdy African gods. *Fairy Tales of Mexico* by Barbara Ker Wilson (Cassell, 5s.) is smaller and slighter, but its stories are as strange and exciting, with cactus and coyote and desert, and lovely mountains with distant Mexican names. Stella Mead brings in a single book folk tales of many different lands: *A Ring of Stories* (University of London, 9s. 6d.) is pleasantly international, and you never know what will come next. And to set against this wealth of ancient tales retold there is one book of fairy stories which are all entirely new. Penelope Farmer's *The China People* (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.) is a find. The stories are original, with candid comments and unexpected twists; the characters are fresh; and the book comes easily through the test of reading aloud.

There are fairy tales, then, in abundance. There are new books, too, for every age and stage. One could stock a small library from this year's books alone, and no size or shape of child need go unhappily away.

Prominent on the lower shelves (the shelves, that is, for those whose reach is small) I would place *Chouchou* by Françoise (Brockhampton Press, 10s. 6d.). This is the tale of a little French donkey, told in words and pictures for the very young. It is sweet but never sickly, and the drawings are happy and gay. *Petunia's Christmas* by Roger Duvoisin (Bodley Head, 8s. 6d.) has the bright adventures of a resourceful goose. *Late for School*

New Tales from Grimm

First popular edition of a hitherto unpublished series of folk tales. Here in new settings are lovely princesses and handsome princes, ogres and manikins. Beautifully illustrated.
15s. net.

Unsung Trails R. N. STEWART

A book for young people about explorers and adventurers of all nations and ages.
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Over 30 of Britain's best known trees are fully described and beautifully and accurately illustrated.
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500 poems old and new

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PHOENIX 25s. net

Dent & Phoenix

Children's Books for Christmas



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★ The Roundabout by the Sea

JOHN WALSH's collection of lively poems based on a child's everyday experience. Illustrated by Christopher Brooker 7s 6d net

★ Italian Peepshow

ELEANOR FARJEON's delightful stories told for, and about, some small girls living in Italy. Illustrated by Edward Ardizzone 9s 6d net

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ELIZABETH RIPLEY's brief but informative account of the great Florentine artist is illustrated with reproductions of his work, facing every page 17s 6d net

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delicious mouseland
fantasy.

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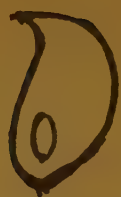
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the adventures of
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Louis Slobodkin. The chef of the big French liner knows that Gogo is a gourmet sea gull and sees that he receives only the very best of leftovers. He gets blown off course one day, and this book is about all the adventures that befell him. Illustrated. ages 6-9 12/6

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Peter Burchard. Fly through the air with the men who dreamed of flying. This is the story of balloons—Rozier's ascent, Nadar's Giant, the Piccard twins—and more fascinating tales told in words and pictures. ages 8-12, 13/6

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HEINEMANN

Harrap's Christmas List



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MODWENA SEDGWICK. Author of the *Jan Perry* books. Galldora is a rag doll with a gift for getting lost. She is already a popular favourite with boys and girls who listen to Children's Hour. (Dec. 8.) 6s. 6d.



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MARJORIE-ANN WATTS. A charming book of tales in which the author depicts the world of tiny creatures beloved by young children. Illustrated in colour throughout. 8s. 6d.



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The Adventures of Hatim Tai

DOROTHY ENSOR retells the great Persian hero Hatim Tai's fantastic adventures that inspired the legends long ago. Illustrated in colour by Pauline Baynes. (Dec. 8.) 10s. 6d.



The Story of Rama and Sita

Retold by BARBARA LEONIE PICARD. The Hindu epic *Ramayana*. "A graceful and accomplished adaptation, suggesting the smooth, intricate, and formal beauty of much Indian art." *Times Literary Supplement*. Illustrated in colour by Charles W. Stewart. 10s. 6d.



Warrior's Hoard

HUGH COLLINSON. An exciting boys' adventure story with a colourful Kenya background and a treasure-hunt theme. Illustrated by Burgess Sharrocks. (Dec. 8.) 9s. 6d.

for children

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RUMER GODDEN

A tale about a fairground, a poor little rich girl and a very special china doll. Illustrated. 10s. 6d.

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GEOFFREY TREASE

An exciting story set against the background of the French Revolution. Illustrated. 13s. 6d.

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Another adventure with the Braxome family and a tale of stolen treasure. Illustrated. 13s. 6d.

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WILLIAM O. STEELE

Adventure and excitement shared by a young boy and a naturalist amongst hostile Red Indians. Illustrated. 12s. 6d.

SHADOWS ON THE MUD

FRANK KNIGHT

Another story of mystery and adventure with the well-known Brenda and Derek Partridge. Illustrated. 13s. 6d.

MACMILLAN

by Carol Odell (Faber, 9s. 6d.) is short but effective; it is repetitive, and young children are keen to join in the story as it builds up to its climax at the end.

Children who can almost read are a problem on their own. If the words of the book are easy enough, then the story is sure to seem dull. But the 'I Can Read' series may have found the right stimulus to launch a child out on his own: *Julius and Sammy the Seal*, both by Syd Hoff, are especially lively stories and *Seeds and More Seeds* by Millicent E. Selsam, an account of ways in which plants begin to grow, is a splendid first reader for children who are always asking 'Why?' (These and other titles are all from The World's Work, 9s. 6d. each.)

For the child who reads fluently there is *Candy Floss*, another of Rumer Godden's attractive stories of children and their dolls (Macmillan, 10s. 6d.), and *Mrs. Pepperpot Again*, translated by Marianne Helweg from the Norwegian of Alf Proysen (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.). Mrs. Pepperpot keeps shrinking to a few inches high, having a quick adventure, and returning to normal again. I must own that I found it a little monotonous, but my daughter never tires of it, and her words should rate higher than mine. Then there is *Jascha* by Fritz Hutterer (University of London Press, 10s. 6d.). This is as pleasant a story as any I have seen this year. Jascha is a little donkey, and young Thomas has the problem of keeping him in the face of real poverty. Thomas is determined and resourceful; a streak of tenderness runs through the book and there is genuine joy at the end. Try it, I would say, for anyone up to ten, and for boys as well as girls. *Don John's Ducats* by Roger Pilkington (Macmillan, 13s. 6d.) is a fast adventure for older children, with detection, hazards, sailing, swimming and underwater caves. *An Edge of the Forest* by Agnes Smith (Gollancz, 12s. 6d.) won a major award in America and has been lavishly praised over here. It is certainly rare and poetic. And yet I do not know—there is so much allegory in this tale of leopard, lamb and deer; there is so much haunting atmosphere of struggle and courage, light and shade and death. If you have the right child (and the inscription is 'for saints, philosophers and artists', if that gives you any guide) this could be an illuminating book. But for others it may fall flat. In contrast is Jeffrey Potter's *Elephant Bridge* (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.). The animals, wild elephants in Burma, are all completely real: there is no attempt at allegory here. Yet Mr. Potter writes with such an honest respect that the story speaks for itself. It is a fine book. I hope it will be widely read, by quiet children, active children, boys and girls alike, ages from eight to fourteen.

When it comes to the non-fiction shelves there are very few problems in suiting the book to the child, for a child who is reasonably alert will lap up all kinds of information if only it is pleasantly set out. *Chendru* (by Astrid Bergman Sucksdorff, Collins, 15s.), for example, should be a winner. It is a spectacular record in colour of a boy in an Indian village, and of the tiger cub who comes from the jungle. Education, interest and wonder all blend neatly into one. Or there are two books of photographs by Dominique Darbois, *Rikka* and *Parana*, of children of Bali and Brazil (Chatto and Windus, 10s. 6d. each). These are in black and white, and again give a very clear record of the children's

daily life. A lighthearted lesson in painless geography comes in *This is New York*, by M. Sasek (W. H. Allen, 12s. 6d.), which should have a very wide appeal—the pictures are the bold, bright posterish sort that suit the theme so well. For general information on the Red Indians of North America, which is always a popular theme, *The First Book of Indians* by Benjamin Brewster (Mayflower, 9s. 6d.), is written simply and attractively for children up to ten; and for specific tribes there are *The Eskimo* and *Horsemen of the Western Plateaus*, both by Sonia Bleeker (Dobson, 8s. 6d. each). For the natural background to Red Indian life there is *Wild Folk in the Desert* by Carroll Lane Fenton (Dobson, 12s. 6d.). This account of the plants and animals of the great American desert is particularly stimulating, for the writings and the drawings are lively, and the subject is far away and strange.

Two good series cover a wide range of tastes. The Young Reader's Guides to Music are strongly and cheerfully bound: *The Orchestra* by Mervyn Bruxner deals simply and easily with the various instruments; *Boyhoods of Great Composers* by Catherine Gough should catch the imagination of a child and lead, later on, to a special affection for these composers' works. (These and other titles are all from Oxford, 7s. 6d. each.) 'Look' books, too, are very good value. The authors are distinguished, and their books are interesting and clear. I particularly liked *Look at Insects* by Evelyn Cheesman; then there is *Look at Aircraft* by Sir Philip Joubert, *Look at the Circus* by Noel Streatfeild, and many more. (Hamish Hamilton, 6s. 6d. each.)

So many different subjects, so many different books—perhaps there is something to be said for bringing many separate subjects under a single cover. *The Boys' and Girls' Encyclopaedia* (Odhams, 10s. 6d.) does exactly this. A companion volume, Marcelle

Vérité's *Wonders of the Animal World*, is of course more limited in scope, but this too packs much diverse information into a little space. It packs it so gaily, too. The child who makes his way to the reference shelves may have chosen best of all.

JENNIFER BOURDILLON

Rook-shooting at Sunset

I see the farmer stand, back to the sun,
Half-sleeping birds in panic round his head,
A squat, phlegmatic man who aims his gun,
Fires, then saunters on with heavy tread.

The unkempt grass shows darker where he stood,
His echoing shots are drowned by the harsh cries
Amid the branches of the meagre wood,
And he remains unconscious of my eyes.

Why do I stare? What is it holds me still—
This broken cobweb tugging at my shoe?
I'll dream these shots tonight, and kill and kill
Birds that already stiffen in the dew.

EDWARD LUCIE-SMITH



Illustration by Irene Schreiber to *Jascha*, translated from the German by Joyce Emerson

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

'The Lawyers'

TO HAVE RETAINED our interest unbroken for an hour and twenty minutes was not the smallest of Richard Cawston's achievements in 'The Lawyers' (November 24). Few documentaries are given such a large helping of peak-viewing time and with good reason.

Cawston's examination of the two branches of the legal profession was clear, methodical, comprehensive, fair (according to a barrister and a solicitor whom I consulted afterwards), and always entertaining. Visually, too, it was consistently satisfying, for the film cameraman, Eric Deeming, had found plenty of scope for the exercise of his art in the Inns of Court.

It was interesting for the layman to hear something of the domestic differences inside the profession and to learn that there are members of it who consider that fundamental changes are necessary. Since the war the Services, medicine, and even the Church have been forced, in varying degrees, to make radical adjustments in their traditional practices and attitudes. The law, with the exception of the introduction of the legal-aid scheme, seems to have been relatively untouched by the post-war social pressures and to have remained the most autonomous of all the professions.

Although the subject of solicitors' charges was dealt with (and the strange system whereby solicitors themselves decide whether their *confrères* have overcharged a client—why not have a layman on this committee?), the corresponding matter of the scales of fees for barristers and Q.C.s was mentioned only indirectly. I, for one, should have liked to hear more about this side of the Bar's business.

The wonder is, though, not that there were omissions but that so much was included.

Lawyers should be grateful to Cawston for so ably presenting their case. What subject will he choose for his next programme? One would like to think that he could round off this one by a similar examination of the judiciary, but I doubt whether he would be given the facilities that solicitors and barristers so commendably made available.

Unlike Cawston, who gave both sides of the questions he raised, James Mossman and Lord Brabazon of Tara gave us only their view of the dangerous potentialities of a certain aviation fuel being used by some airlines ('Panorama', November 21). Whatever the opposing view might be, I feel it should have been given—and there must be one, since some of the world's



'The Lawyers': new barristers being called to the Bar in Gray's Inn Hall

leading airlines are using the fuel so uncompromisingly condemned by Lord Brabazon.

Robert Reid showed how an explosive subject should be handled when, in the last of his 'Enquiry' series, he took a look at British Railways (November 25). No partiality here, but a most effective probing, on behalf of the travelling public, of the causes of delay and irritation; and, equally forcefully, the presentation of the railwaymen's grievances and frustrations. This was as large a field to cover in thirty-five minutes as the previous week's 'Food', but it lent itself to a more direct, compact treatment and consequently was an altogether tidier programme.

The replacement of defective parts was also the theme of an unusual 'biological engineering' piece on November 22, 'Replacements for Life'. David Lutyens, in his quiet, efficient, bedside manner, explained to us some of the marvellous gadgets doctors and surgeons are designing to enable certain organs of the human body to continue to function after they have developed faults or have been injured. Of them, the 'pace-maker', for maintaining the heart beat in correct phase in some, fortunately fairly rare, conditions, seemed



'Replacements for Life': the demonstration of a pneumatic motor which constitutes an artificial muscle for a patient who has suffered the effects of poliomyelitis

the most ingenious; but the technique of translating tiny electrical impulses along the nerves of arms and legs withered by poliomyelitis into current strong enough to actuate mechanical aids will, when it is perfected, presumably be an even greater boon, because so many more people will benefit from it.

The pottery makers in Philip Donnellan's film *The White Country* (November 23) were specialists, too, and equally singleminded in the application of their skills to their craft. I thought this a much better social documentary than Donnellan's film on Coventry we saw the week before last. It had what the other lacked, a thread of continuity that held it together, the thread being the old man's ruminations on the Potteries he had known since boyhood and on the industry that had shaped them and the people who have lived in them.

'Tonight' (November 21 and 22) produced two more excellent sketches of Australian life from Alan Whicker, one on the sugar-cane cutters of Cairns, the other on the town that takes life easily—Cooktown. These short films of Whicker's are television reporting of the highest order. He has a quicker eye than most for the incongruous, the droll, the bizarre in any of their manifestations, and his touch in dealing with them is masterly.

PETER POUND

DRAMA

'Citizen James'

WHEN WE ARE YOUNG a certain natural timidity assails us as we set out to forge a way from life. Do not the same doubts prick away at comedians' 'feeds' as, usually more mature in years, they try, like the robin, to reach the stars from their bigger colleagues' backs?

Seemingly not, for with the regularity of Frenchmen prepared to try their luck at the premiership of the Fourth Republic, foils, competent, often very funny, even gifted in their way, attempt 'big time'. Invariably the results are the reverse of risible. This surprises nobody more than those involved. They seem sublimely



Alan Whicker interviewing a gold prospector in one of the films about Australia shown in 'Tonight' last week

unaware that their effects of hilarity may depend on the juxtaposition of their personalities with those of their fellow artists; Mr. Bernard Bresslaw is a case in point here. Or that the humour may stem directly from the clash between the character of the comic and that of his stooge (one thinks at once of Laurel and Hardy); the classical form of variety humour, in fact. Equally the world specifically created for the lead may by good fortune suit the 'feed' better than he realizes.

This is the position in which Mr. Sidney James unfortunately finds himself in his first solo programme, *Citizen James* (Thursdays). When he 'fed' Mr. Tony Hancock he was patting on Mr. Hancock's wicket, and scoring pretty freely. No wonder if, perhaps, he felt at times that he should go in first. But this world, genteel, semi-detached, sliding inexorably into poverty, was haunted by Mr. Hancock's megalomaniac pretensions for grandeur. Into it Mr. James edged like an anarchist, of whom Mr. Hancock was half-fearful and half-admiring at so ruthless a tackling of a treacherous world. Mr. James's snide, unscrupulous knowingness reaped the rewards of its cutting edge against this respectable soft-centred existence.



'The Charlie Drake Show': scene from *The Take-over Bid* on November 25

But now Mr. James's entire universe is composed of cut-throat skulduggery. Nor was this monotony the only fault of this first episode. Basically the trouble is that in *this* world someone else can always hold a sixth ace to Mr. James's fifth. Gone is the clash between naivety and cupidity; between the moral and immoral, between—at a final reckoning and in terms of humour—good and evil. Nor has this been replaced by anything: quite the reverse, for missing also are the subtlety and sudden ironies that enlivened the *Hancock's Half-Hour*.

Yet Mr. James has a pleasingly wry gift of humour which can gloss an unenterprising script with a veneer of jollity. Admittedly these are early days to judge a new series. Nevertheless, a broadening of the central situation and a humanizing of Mr. James's character is essential, I'm sure, if the series is to gain the popularity this actor has always seemed to deserve when playing second fiddle to established top-liners.

Beneath from opening its portals to the outside world, the first instalment of the new *Whack-O!* (Tuesdays) series shed the ghostly Chiselmury institution and sampled instead unscholastic pleasures. Mr. Jimmy Edwards with the dancing girls, champagne, and the good life created a rambunctiously Edwardian figure which, if not original in word and work-out,

had gusto enough to make this critic laugh immoderately.

Mr. Charlie Drake has always provided variety in his art, as *The Take-over Bid* in his new Friday spot again showed. While this is all to the good, the changes from the comic to the pathetic to the outrageous appeared curiously arbitrary, so that I was never abso-



Sidney James in his new show 'Citizen James'

lutely certain what convention was being played at any one time. And delicate though much of the fun is, it is oddly balanced by a crudity frequently amounting to downright bad taste. Yet Mr. Drake can satirize as ruthlessly as anyone these days when he chooses, and I long for him to shelve his clownish caperings and concentrate on this aspect of his talent.

A taut, imaginative thriller was a change for the Sunday Theatre, and one surprisingly welcome after the dour regional slices-of-life and psychological post-operational therapies that have to date predominated in the B.B.C.'s new drama screenings.

The idiom started out in the romantic Drummond tradition of adventure for adventure's sake, but imperceptibly edged into the deeper waters of human idiosyncrasy and behaviour we have long since come to expect as a right from our thriller writers. Mr. Beverley Cross in his *The Nightwalkers* was no exception. The start was a bit dodgy, for chance played rather too exacting a role, though to be honest I was so carried along by the play that this I noticed only later. Afterwards, though, the tribulations of a youthfully itinerant English troubadour in France as he became involved first, romantically, with a beautiful woman in her studio, and then in the rescue and revengeful machinations of a one-time Resistance gang, gained a pace and verisimilitude which the setting in a France still torn by wartime hatreds made hatefully plausible. Under this powerful anvil of bitterness, the troubadour's romantic outlook was re-forged into a relentlessly ferocious weapon of attack. Mr. John Cairney, besides singing delightfully, managed from the start to suggest the strength behind the casual exterior so that the development of the character became both believable and inevitable.

As firmly in control of the ex-Maquis leader, Mr. Lee Montague convincingly showed how the fearless in war become the feared in the piping times of peace while Mr. Thomas

Gallagher's Benoit, a kindly father revenging his son, stood for the mixture of motives that allows fine men to commit foul deeds. The production by Mr. John Jacobs was full of the atmosphere of the darker places of Paris; and his groupings, particularly in half-length close-ups, satisfyingly filled the picture with interest.

ANTHONY COOKMAN, JNR.

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

The Sphinx Has Three Characters

WHEN A POET or dramatist dares to borrow and re-present any of the great legends which have occupied the imagination of many generations, we expect either to be offered a new meaning for the myth relevant to the problems of our own time or perhaps a purified restatement of the story stripped of the interpretations put upon it by our grandfathers. When the legend is that of Oedipus one expects, without wishing it, that the writer will show some awareness of Freud's use of the theme. Jean Cocteau's variations have little to do with the unconscious mind unless one takes admonitory nightmares and the warnings of oracles as analytical material. He is nearer to Shaw or Voltaire than to the Viennese solver of riddles.

The Infernal Machine (Third Programme, November 23) was first heard in full in a translation by Carl Wildman; then on Friday we were given its second act in French, *La Rencontre d'Oedipe et du Sphinx* (Third, November 25). This second act was written before the rest of the play and apparently left unaltered, which suggests that Cocteau's first concern was with the dramatic possibilities of the confrontation of a brash hero with a monster who might also be a woman or a goddess. His Oedipus is brave, vain and rather stupid—a believer in oracles and his destiny when the supernatural forces are on his side, but naively sure that the uglier remarks of the gods can be got round somehow. Presumably to punish this presumption the gods devise an elaborate and spectacular 'machine' 'for the mathematical destruction of a mortal'. Wantonly and with refinements of torture, they kill him for their sport. It is hard not to conclude that these gods are both insane and infantile. Cocteau mostly evades the issues of free will and fixed fate and consequently his play is hardly tragic, however cunningly he plays with the in-between world



The Nightwalkers, with (left to right, standing) Lee Montague as Lucien, Jack Rodney as Dede, Thomas Gallagher as Benoit, Reed de Rouen as Moumou; and (centre, seated) John Cairney as Alan Malory

of men who are almost demigods and goddesses who are almost women—and however thoroughly he piles on the final agony.

Nevertheless his play, especially in Louis Jouvet's hands, must have been theatrically very exciting. The comedy of the common people—the soldiers, the matron and her little boy—is witty and realistic, and the 'modern dress' joke of giving ancient great names small modern motives is managed brilliantly and with moderation. In the original the speech, consciously drab most of the time, still holds the dignity of poetry and rises smoothly to incantation or tirade at points of crisis. This happened less surely in translation through no fault of Mr. Wildman. The English can set slang and slapstick beside high eloquence and agony but the styles and timing and means of transition fall into a different pattern.

The manner and content of the first act of this production reminded one alternately of *Hamlet* and of the music-hall. The ghost of Laius squeaked and gibbered with absurd feebleness and Jocasta (Coral Browne) was an irritatingly silly gay widow. But the soldiers to whom the ghost appeared were splendidly solid and funny. The older one (Tom Watson) who was 'fed up with oracles, glorious victims, and heroic mothers' is a wonderful invention. His disapproval of his colleague for being interested in the Sphinx—'Just like you to go and fall in love with a public scourge'—his views on 'common or garden vampires', and his ribald and subversive nervousness about giving 'proof of an intelligence well above his rank' were admirable stuff. In the second act the reactions of the Theban Matron (Kathleen Helme) to sacrifice, vampires, politics, and sons also set a severe standard of reality for gods and heroes.

I found the meeting and testing of Sphinx (Catherine Dolan), Anubis (Heron Carvic), and Oedipus (Albert Finney) unacceptable without vision, and the French version was no better. The shifting of masks is a smart trick for situation changing, but it leaves the listener anticlerically cross with the incompetence of gods in whom he never believed anyway. With the presence of actors, ruins, a moon and the rest of it this irrelevant reaction might well be blotted out.

Albert Finney made a sound, straightforward job of Oedipus, especially in the quarrel with Tiresias (Miles Malleon) and in the haunted wedding night and final horror of self-blinding. And Coral Browne as Jocasta survived a series of severe switches of character. The final act of discovery and destruction moves far too fast from irony to irony. Blame has to go to M. Cocteau for a botched job which demonstrates that genius is not enough and that translation into another tongue and another medium make the cunningest mending and patching in a broken story very visible.

FREDERICK LAWS

THE SPOKEN WORD

Summoned by Betjeman



THE LITERARY EDITOR of a Sunday newspaper, who is surely no mean judge, recently classified Mr. Betjeman as one of the three most endearing *hommes de lettres* in this country. No doubt we all have our favourite trinity, our highly select triumvirate; but it is also certain that if anything equals Mr. Betjeman's passion for the Albert Memorial, it is the public affection for Mr. Betjeman. And while even Mr. Betjeman cannot galvanize the programme 'Bookman' on Independent Television, he remains a charming speaker of his own verse.

'Summoned by Bells' [reviewed in THE LISTENER today] is to me not really Third Programme weight, nor should it be broadcast in such long stretches (forty minutes and more); nor do we need to hear the chapter-headings read (inexplicably) by the Rector of St. Fagan's, Glamorgan; the sound of bells divides the chapters enough. But one must admit that, as versified conversation, 'Summoned by Bells' is natural, amusing, fluent, observant of appearances, and quick at catching moods. Only Mr. Betjeman could have written it, and only Mr. Betjeman could have read it as he began to do on the Third Programme (November 22). How pleasant to know Mr. Betjeman, who has written such volumes of stuff!

We got to know him even better when he reappeared in that flourishing series 'People Today' (Home Service, November 25). Since this was a repetition of last year's broadcast, it sometimes overlapped the newly published book; and I did find Miss Slade a trifle over-appreciative as an interviewer. It must be disconcerting for anyone to be labelled in *Radio Times* as 'a conversationalist'; but Mr. Betjeman chatted with his usual disarming *bonhomie*, and made, without doubt, a number of fresh conquests.

We hardly need a phrase of transition to take us from the pre-Eminent neo-Victorian to 'The Running Patterer' (Third Programme, November 21). This was an entertaining snatch of conversation between the social historian, Henry Mayhew, and one of 'the pattering genus': the ancestors, no doubt, of the modern newspaper-sellers with their gift for the lurid and best-selling phrase. A nice piece of Victoriana; and Mr. Carleton Hobbs interviewed the 'lower orders' with a distinctly Victorian sneer in the voice.

A great contemporary of the Great Victorians, Tolstoy, died in November 1910; and the fiftieth anniversary of his death was marked, last week, by television and sound broadcasting. This double commemoration gave us a chance of instructive comparison. The film in 'Monitor' set Tolstoy superbly in his décor; 'Remembering Tolstoy' (Third Programme, November 25) gave us a quartet of memoirs stretching as far back as the eighteen-eighties. Sir Sydney Cockerell recalled the novelist and his wife ('rather like an eagle mated to a guinea-fowl'). Sir Shane Leslie remembered his dinner with Tolstoy in 1907, when (he felt) the seer and prophet had replaced the author; he had had the awe-inspiring experience of discussing Tolstoy's novels with him. Over the intervals of eighty and fifty years both speakers conjured back this patriarchal figure with the pale-blue, dominating eyes; a modest man of colossal fame and vision. Mr. Leo Rabenack's comments were easily the weakest in the programme; Miss Alexandra Tolstoy's undoubtedly the most touching. She recalled her father's Flaubertian fastidiousness in writing: her mother had copied out *War and Peace* no less than seven times from beginning to end, and she herself had retyped Tolstoy's manuscripts anything up to fifty times apiece. 'Truth I love so much', was the last thing he said to her; and she made it clear that his passion for truth had informed his life as much as his work.

Miss Tolstoy's memories of her father were a fitting complement to 'Monitor'; they were so superior to the rest of the programme that they should have been given us alone. If only more men of eminence could be so recorded by their children, we should have an outstanding series of broadcasts, and the B.B.C. would nobly fulfil its function as archivist.

We were given a second chance last week of comparing sound and television when the Home Service paid tribute to Gilbert Harding. The television programme (November 20) had been

ham in the extreme: the close-up of the empty chair, the slow movement from the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto, the embarrassing hyperbole about Dr. Johnson and fields of asphodel from Sir Compton Mackenzie: nothing had been wanting. Nothing, that is, except Gilbert Harding himself. On November 23 we heard him talking to Eamonn Andrews. How was it that such a broadcast came so appropriately to hand? However it was, we heard Gilbert Harding plain: genial, quick, appreciative, translucently sincere! We were held from start to finish by a first-class conversation-piece.

JOANNA RICHARDSON

MUSIC

Contemporary Experiments



I FOUND A GREAT deal in Professor Wind's second Reith Lecture (THE LISTENER, November 24) entitled 'Aesthetic Participation' that is particularly applicable to the music of our time, and more especially his statement that 'today artistic inventiveness is an end in itself; art has become experimental'. And when he goes on to say that 'artists often seem to act in their studios as if they were in a laboratory, performing a series of controlled experiments in the hope of arriving at a valid scientific solution', we have only to read 'composers' instead of 'artists' to see how perfectly this applies to a great deal of the music that is being composed today.

These thoughts were prompted by listening to the latest 'Thursday Invitation Concert' (Third Programme, November 24), which introduced two new works by contemporary composers—*Calendar* by Richard Rodney Bennett, and *The Emperor's Nightingale* by Hans Werner Henze. There was nothing one could object to in either piece apart from their similarity to so much of the music now being written in the idiom made fashionable by Pierre Boulez since *Le Maître sans Marteau*. The technique consists, broadly speaking, in the skilful manipulation of sonorities so that they form a chequered pattern of contrasting *timbres* in which variations of pitch and intensity play an important part. The result may or may not be pleasing to the ear; but when the sounds have died away there is not very much for the mind to retain. Listening to this music I am always reminded of the old-fashioned kaleidoscope in which, as you turn the lens, pieces of coloured glass fall into ever-changing patterns that delight the eye—charming, but completely inconsequential. This is not to say that these two pieces were devoid of merit; on the contrary, within their self-imposed limits both Bennett's *Calendar* and Henze's *Nightingale* are quite skilfully contrived and pleasantly mild and unaggressive. They were played by members of the Melos and Goldsbrough Ensembles and a section of the English Chamber Orchestra, conducted by John Carewe.

I thought the *Suite* by four British composers specially written for the concert celebrating the Festival of St. Cecilia (Home Service, November 22) rather disappointing. Iain Hamilton's *Swing Jig*, an amusingly sophisticated Anglo-American *pastiche*, was perhaps the best of the bunch. The other pieces were a rather dull *Entry* by Alun Hoddinott, an ingenious *English Horn-pipe* by Geoffrey Bush, and a not very distinguished *Air* by Thea Musgrave. Hugo Rignold was conducting the City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra in the presence of Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother at the Royal Festival Hall, and the programme included, among other things, Rachmaninov's *Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini*, eloquently played by Benno Moiseiwitsch.

The Birmingham Symphony Orchestra was

on the air again (Home, November 25), this time under the direction of Sir Adrian Boult who was conducting the first broadcast performance of Robert Simpson's *Violin Concerto*, in which the soloist was Ernest Element. This is an interesting and attractive work, most effectively written for the solo instrument and cleverly scored so that the soloist is never in the position of having to maintain an unequal struggle against superior forces, as is so often the case in concertos in which orchestra and soloist are adversaries rather than allies. Ernest Element, for whom the Concerto was written, gave a beautifully sensitive performance. An earlier generation of British composers was represented in the same programme by Vaughan

Williams's *Wasps* and Holst's orchestral masterpiece *Egdon Heath*, that wonderful piece of landscape painting in sound in which this gifted, but too neglected, composer shows his full stature. Sir Adrian and the orchestra did full justice to this remarkable and impressive score.

Another interesting violin concerto, and one that is rarely heard, was also among the notable broadcasts of the week—Concerto No. 1 by Szymanowski (Network Three, November 26). It was brilliantly played by a violinist who is new to me, Igor Ozim, and the B.B.C. Northern Orchestra, conducted by George Hurst. Karol Szymanowski, who died in 1937 at the age of fifty-five, made a name for himself early in the

century and rapidly rose to become one of Poland's best known and most distinguished composers. Today he is in danger of being forgotten—largely, no doubt, because the idiom in which he wrote is no longer fashionable. Indeed it is doubtful whether it ever was, for, as an English critic once pointed out in these columns (*THE LISTENER*, May 22, 1947), 'His music belongs to none of the popular twentieth-century spheres of influence', but nevertheless reveals 'the original vision of the alert-minded creative artist'. In any case, this violin concerto was well worth reviving: it contains some striking music in which passion and poetry are blended in a skilfully woven web of beautiful sound.

ROLLO H. MYERS

Dvořák and Symphonic Form

By JOHN CLAPHAM

The Symphony in D major, Op. 60, will be broadcast at 2.30 p.m. on Sunday, December 4 (Home Service)



IF DURING DVOŘÁK'S first creative years predictions had been made about the types of composition in which he would later excel most readily, it would not have been difficult to pick out chamber and symphonic music as the two most promising, for his essays in these branches of music easily outweighed in number his other compositions. So far as we know the only vocal music that originated at that time consisted of twenty songs of 1865, composed when he was in love, and a Mass that he destroyed along with several other compositions written in the sixties. The pair of symphonies composed in the same year as the songs may not have been his first works for orchestra, but they are the earliest which have escaped destruction.

In these works we are already aware that Dvořák possessed a sense of rhythmic movement, which he was sometimes able to turn to good advantage, and we also notice some imaginative handling of the orchestra.

Both symphonies follow the romantic tendency to start movements obliquely with introductions, instead of presenting the main subjects for discussion immediately, without any beating about the bush. The greatest weakness of these works lies in their excessive length and lack of clarity of form, and the greatest promise is found in the beautiful leisurely opening section of the *Andante con moto* of the second Symphony in B flat.

The next two symphonies were written within a few months of each other after an interval of more than seven years, during which time Dvořák had learnt to overcome his most serious faults. They are not, however, a pair. The Symphony in E flat was almost the last work to fall decisively under the sway of Wagner, whose influence we notice here in certain melodic and harmonic characteristics, in the choice of instruments (cor anglais, harp, and tuba), and occasionally in the orchestration. On the other hand, the Symphony in D minor, originally given the opus number 13, which must not be confused with the later and much greater work in the same key, was the first work the composer wrote after he had determined to turn his back on his former idol, and make Beethoven his model instead. To a large extent he succeeded in implementing this resolution. Both works show some eccentricities of form, but their length is kept within reasonable proportions. Dvořák's scoring becomes more adroit from the finale of the E flat symphony onwards.

Three of the first four symphonies have now been published, all posthumously, and the first should follow suit before long. Only the five that appeared in print during the composer's lifetime were given numbers officially, which causes some confusion. This is complicated still further, because the Symphony in F (originally Op. 24, but published as Op. 76), although the first of the five to be composed, was published, following slight revision, after both the Symphony in D major, Op. 60, and the Symphony in D minor, Op. 70; in consequence it was given the number '3', while they had been published as numbers '1' and '2'. The Symphony in G, Op. 88, and the *New World* symphony, Op. 95, were published as numbers '4' and '5', but were actually Dvořák's eighth and ninth. It is logical to number the set from one to nine in chronological order.

Dvořák made several attempts at unification in his symphonies, using a theme or motive in more than one movement of the same work, and he did so in a variety of ways, just as most of the leading composers from Beethoven onwards had done before him. In his first symphony, *The Bells of Zlonice*, a timpani motive in the first movement is used several times in the last movement, but the return of the theme of the introduction to the first movement during the course of the finale is rather more conspicuous. The curious point is that it is heard rather early in the movement. Dvořák made no attempt 'to close the circle' in the Symphony in E flat, his only three-movement symphony. Instead of linking the last movement with the first, he used some similar material in the first and slow movements. In his next symphony he selected the end of the scherzo as a suitable place to insert reminders of the first movement, and avoided links elsewhere.

Dvořák achieved a decidedly subtle form of unification in the Symphony in F of 1875, a much more mature work than any that preceded it, yet composed little more than a year after his fourth. Towards the end of the stormy and dramatic finale, a quiet, long drawn out chord of F major is heard, followed by the three-note rising figure that appeared at the end of the principal theme of the first movement. The mood of calm in itself serves as a reminder of the pastoral opening of the work, but here the scoring and ornamentation are new. This hinting is extremely telling. Having made his point, Dvořák was then able to bring back the

missing part of the theme about fifty bars later.

The first and last movements of Dvořák's Symphony in G are related to each other by the three notes of the tonic triad that occur at the beginning of their main themes. In the *New World* Symphony the principal theme of the first movement intervenes dramatically in each of the later movements, and themes from the slow movement and scherzo return in the finale. The composer was concerned with the same kind of problem in his chamber music. He appears to have been most successful when using subtle means, as in the E flat String Quartet, the F minor Trio, and more especially in the instance cited above, but he was also successful in his quasi-motto treatment of the main theme in the *New World*. He was less convincing when presenting a group of earlier themes, and when, following the example of Schubert's E flat Trio, he borrowed a theme from an earlier movement to serve as one of the most important themes of the finale, in his String Quartet in G.

The F major Symphony was composed just before Dvořák's music first took on a strongly national character, but naturally national traits had occasionally appeared in his music much earlier than this. The most national of the symphonies followed next, and immediately found great favour abroad. This D major Symphony has a furiant for a scherzo, and, as the strong cross-rhythms suggest, the scherzo of the D minor Symphony, Op. 70, is another, even though the composer preferred to write each pair of 3/4 bars as one of 6/4 time. Czech characteristics frequently occur in the last three symphonies, although in the D minor, Op. 70, Dvořák approached closely to Brahms, and in the *New World* Minnehaha's funeral and the dance of Pau-Puk-Keewis inspired the second and third movements, and the influence of Negro spirituals is apparent.

Composition in the larger forms did not come as easily to Dvořák as is commonly supposed, even in scherzos, which one might have guessed would have caused him little trouble. Movements often had to be re-cast and revised. Themes that occurred to him were unsuitable until they had been remoulded and polished; in fact the ultimate form of the theme of the finale of the G major Symphony represents the composer's tenth attempt to find what he really wanted. Only through constant vigilance and self-criticism was Dvořák able to take his place as one of the greatest symphonists of his time.

ABOUT THE HOUSE



Orange Crisps

To MAKE twenty orange crisps you will need:

2 oz. of plain flour
2 oz. of butter or margarine
2 oz. of caster sugar
2 oz. of golden syrup

grated rind of one orange
1 teaspoon of lemon juice
½ teaspoon of cinnamon

Put all the ingredients into a basin and work together well with a spoon to form a soft dough. Take a teaspoon at a time and roll into a ball. Place balls on a very well-greased baking sheet with plenty of space between, as they spread a good deal in cooking. Cook in the oven for approximately 10 minutes at 350° F. or gas mark 3 to 4. After taking out of the oven, leave for a minute or so to set. To remove from tin, slip a palette knife gently under each biscuit. Cool either flat or take each biscuit and roll gently round the handle of a greased wooden spoon.

NANCY MOTT

—B.B.C. Television Cookery Club

Aluminium Saucepans

A listener asks why some vegetables turn aluminium saucepans black, and whether the stain is likely to be injurious. Aluminium does stain very easily, but this staining does not affect the food, or discolour it. Briefly, it is the alkaline salts—mainly sodium and calcium—in the cooking water, and in what is being cooked, that are to blame. 'Hard' water usually stains more than 'soft' water, and also the soil in which the vegetables were grown can be responsible. The longer the cooking time, the worse the stain. But it is all harmless.

If you want to remove the stain, an easy way is to cook an acid fruit, such as rhubarb or sour apples, in the pan. For cleaning alone, boiling up a handful or two of apple peelings is economical and effective. The mild acid liberated just 'eats' the stain—again with no harmful effects. One word of warning about caring for aluminium: never use any soda in the washing-

up water or in the pan itself. Detergent, nylon scourer, finest steel wool and pure soap—or apple peelings—are all good for cleaning aluminium, and with them there is no risk to your saucepans or to your family's food.

KAY SMALLSHAW

—'Woman's Hour' (Light Programme)

How to Treat a Whitlow

A tiny crack or wound at the side of the nail becomes infected with the staphylococcus germ. The area becomes hot, red, and tender and then a central pale yellow spot appears under the skin: this is the pus forming in the centre.

If a whitlow comes on in the night when it is not possible to get medical treatment, you can ease the discomfort by 'cooking' the whitlow in a hot brine bath. Get a basin of warm water, and to every pint of water add a tablespoon of ordinary table salt. Immerse the finger and keep adding very hot water to the edge of the basin to raise the temperature slowly to as hot as you can bear it. Keep the finger in this for about fifteen minutes, and then put the hand into an arm sling, keeping the hand well raised on the chest: hanging the finger down makes it throb most painfully. Two or three aspirin tablets every four hours will kill some of the pain until you can get down to your doctor's surgery. The doctor will soon have you cured with one or other of the modern antibiotic drugs.

Having got over the whitlow, what then? If you do not want these extremely painful things to come back you will have to take stock of the condition of your fingers. Small cracks must be treated with an antiseptic and tied up; and do not pull hang nails or bits of skin—they always leave a minute wound just waiting to become infected. Use a pair of scissors and snip off such little bits of skin and nail. If your skin is rough and cracked from hard work then the skin must be softened and got into better condition by rubbing in olive oil several times a day, if you can manage to do so.

If your hands are constantly in water, which makes the skin sodden round the nails, you can improve it by rubbing in this first-class

hand lotion: powdered tragacanth, 50 grains, and glycerine, 5 ounces, dissolved in a pint of water. Your chemist will make it up for you, and, if you like, you can add some eau de Cologne to make it smell pleasant.

'Today's' Doctor—(Home Service)

Notes on Contributors

MARYA MANNES (page 963): American writer who visited London recently; on the editorial staff of *The Reporter* (New York); author of *More in Anger*, etc.

DOROTHY PICKLES (page 965): formerly Lecturer in French at the London School of Economics; author of *France Between the Republics*, *The Fifth French Republic*, etc.

ARTHUR HAZLEWOOD (page 967): research officer, Institute of Statistics, Oxford University; author (with P. D. Henderson) of *Nyasaland: the Economics of Federation*
GEORGE BULL (page 969): Foreign News Editor, *The Financial Times*, 1957-59

ROBERT BALDICK (page 977): Lecturer in French, Oxford University; author of *The Life and Times of Frédéric LeMaitre*, etc.

KENNETH BARNES (page 987): Headmaster of Waddington School, Wetherby, Yorkshire; author of *The Creative Imagination*, etc.

P. N. FURBANK (page 999): writer and critic; author of *Samuel Butler, 1835-1902*

CHARLES WILSON (page 1005): Lecturer in History, Cambridge University; author of *History of Unilever, Profit and Power*, etc.

MICHAEL FUTRELL (page 1007): Lecturer in Slavonic, Nottingham University

BURNS SINGER (page 1009): poet, author of *Still and All*, and *Living Silver*

GORONWY REES (page 1010): Principal, University College of Wales, Aberystwyth, 1953-57; author of *A Bundle of Sensations*

GEORGE D. PAINTER (page 1013): Assistant Keeper, Department of Printed Books, British Museum; author of *André Gide and Marcel Proust: A Biography, Vol. I*

JENNIFER BOURDILLON (page 1018): author of *Visit to the Sherpas*

JOHN CLAPHAM (page 1025): Lecturer in Music, University College of Wales; author of *Elizabeth of England*

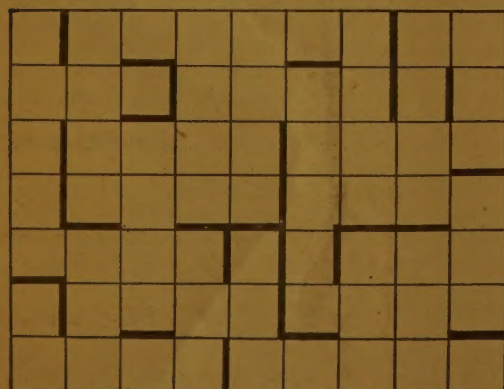
Crossword No. 1,592.

I haven't a clue—II.

By Smada

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

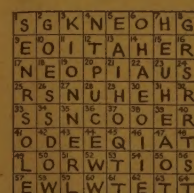
Closing date: first post on Thursday, December 8. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final



Every number above two can be one of the short (i.e., non-hypotenuse) sides of at least one integral right-angled triangle. The majority can be a short side of more than one, but only one number below one thousand can be a short side of over sixty such triangles. The lights of the puzzle are selected from the sides and hypotenuses of these triangles. No light is repeated, or begins with zero, and only one zero is placed in an unchecked square.

'Bridge Forum' has been unavoidably held over this week. More answers to listeners' questions by Harold Franklin and Terence Reese will be published next week.

Solution of No. 1,590



1st prize: C. L. Greenbury (Long Crendon); 2nd prize: Mrs. J. E. Laver (Worthing); 3rd prize: H. Martin (Buxton)

NOTES

'NOW WE SIT THROUGH
35, 41, 58 52, 62 56, 46, 63 48, 31, 16, 6, 23, 8, 14

SHAKESPEARE IN ORDER
24, 7, 13, 3, 9, 26, 20, 5, 22, 32, 15 21, 4 10, 25, 42, 57, 51

TO RECOGNISE THE
61, 55 40, 30, 36, 19, 2, 17, 11, 1, 18 12, 29, 39

QUOTATIONS—O. WELLES
45, 28, 38, 53, 47, 64, 54, 37, 27, 33 50 60, 43, 49, 59, 44, 34

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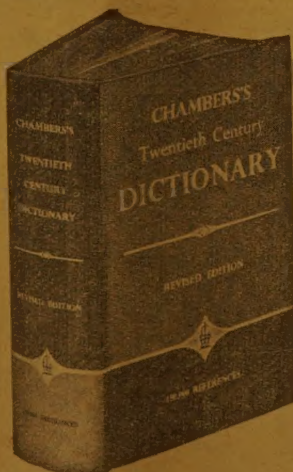
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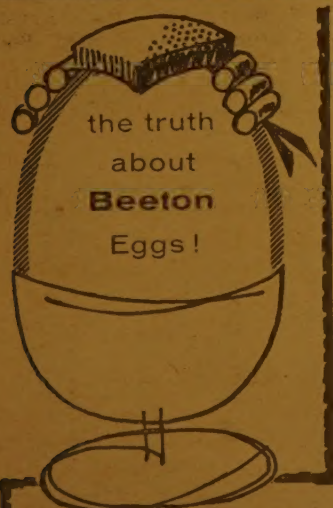
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